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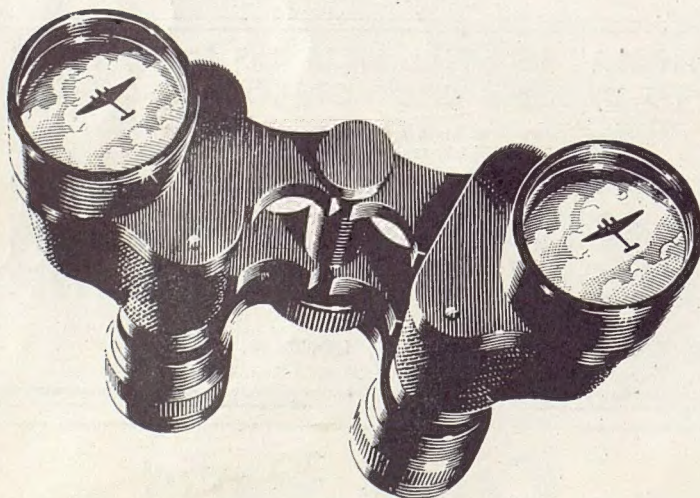
* * *

Week by week, as our battle front
grows wider, the need for binoculars
grows larger and more urgent.
It would take thousands of workers
at least twelve months to manufacture the
binoculars we need at this
very moment.

We must release these men for making
gun-sights and bomb-sights.
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is needed — for that skipper — for some
fighting man.

* * *

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THE TATLER

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Charles Laughton in a New Film

They Knew What They Wanted is the name of Charles Laughton's new film, made in Hollywood by R.K.O. under Garson Kanin's direction. Carole Lombard is the girl in the story, which is about an Italian farmer (Laughton) who proposes to a pretty young waitress (Lombard) by letter and encloses a photograph of his good-looking hired hand (William Gargan). She marries the farmer, but has an affair with a child by the farm hand. Those who saw Laughton's stage performances in *On the Spot*, *The Silver Tassie* and *Alibi* can imagine what he makes of his new emotionally dramatic part. The film is due at the Plaza on Friday



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Lord Halifax for Washington

TO many of us Lord Halifax appeared from the start the obvious choice as British Ambassador to Washington in succession to the Marquess of Lothian. We could, after all, pay no greater compliment to the United States than to send as our representative the man who has directed the foreign policy of the whole Empire, first in the attempt to avoid war, and then in whole-hearted endeavour to win it.

Not so many years ago Lord Halifax was considered to have the qualifications necessary for filling the highly responsible post of Viceroy; and there are many who hold that the policy he sought to pursue was most enlightened. Today the foreign policy of Britain is governed by one factor of transcending importance; I mean the necessity for pursuing a common Anglo-American policy. To this end we are sending to Washington a man with the standing of an ex-Viceroy and a more complete knowledge of the Empire's foreign affairs than any other individual. He is perhaps less well known to the United States personally than others of our leading men. Nor has he had the same opportunities to know the American people at first hand.

But I venture to predict that with the knowledge he has acquired through Lord Lothian and by his own charm and perfect candour in conversation, Lord Halifax will rapidly overcome those handicaps. He goes, let us remember, to represent Britain; not America.

Others Were Considered

IT was, perhaps, natural that Lord Halifax should be reluctant to accept so important a mission after nearly three years of intensely

hard and anxious work at the Foreign Office. Natural, too, that the Prime Minister should have taken into account suggestions which reached him, unofficially, from Washington, to which I referred in these notes last week.

Rather naively it was hinted that as the United States had voted Liberal for a third Presidential term it would be nice to have a British Liberal as Ambassador. Mr. Lloyd George's name might have gone forward had he permitted. So might that of Sir Archibald Sinclair, the official Liberal Leader, if his party would have agreed. Had his health been more robust the choice might have fallen on Viscount Cranborne. Mr. Eden could not well have been spared because he is now being groomed for succession to the Conservative leadership.

But to mention these things is far from implying that Lord Halifax was a last choice. On the contrary, the question as it must have presented itself to the Premier, in advising the King, was whether Lord Halifax could be spared from the War Cabinet, and whether he would be willing to undertake the task.

Mr. Eden's Return

AFTER nearly three years' absence, two of those years spent in the political wilderness, Mr. Eden returns to the Foreign Office to direct a fighting policy. He left there in 1938 because the Chamberlain Government would not stand up to Mussolini. He has been amply vindicated.



Miss Alison Tennant

Miss Tennant of the M.T.C. has gone to Greece in charge of a party of twelve drivers and mechanics of the corps who volunteered for service on the Albanian front. She is the daughter of the late Rt. Hon. H. J. Tennant, and a niece of Lady Oxford and Asquith

In recent months, as Secretary for War, he has become one of Mr. Churchill's most closely consulted colleagues. He shares this honour with Lord Beaverbrook and Captain Oliver Lyttleton, recently brought in from the ranks of industry to be President of the Board of Trade. Later in these notes I mention Mr. Eden's special responsibility for our successful advance in the Western Desert.

Comment there will certainly be on the promotion of Captain David Margesson, the fierce disciplinarian Chief Whip of a succession of Governments. Captain Margesson has naturally made his enemies. But none would deny him the gifts of organising ability and



Mr. Morrison, his Nephew and his Truncheon

Mr. Herbert Morrison has a sailor nephew, Stanley Richard, who was home on leave before Christmas. His uncle proudly showed him the eighty-three-year-old truncheon which has been presented by Sir Philip Game to Mr. Morrison when the latter made the first official visit ever paid by a Home Secretary to Scotland Yard. The truncheon has a special significance for its new owner, as his father was a policeman and the truncheon itself had belonged to Hackney, Mr. Morrison's constituency



Three Moore-Brabazons

The Minister of Transport and his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Moore-Brabazon, both wearing A.F.S. uniform, were photographed at the Cresta reunion organised by Mr. Jim Lawrence. Colonel Moore-Brabazon is a leading Cresta runner and won the Curzon Cup at St. Moritz three times — in 1920, 1922 and 1927

ruthless determination to give loyal service to his masters. His efficiency in support of Mr. Churchill's policy has been no less impressive than that which he displayed on behalf of Mr. Baldwin and, later, Mr. Chamberlain. I see no reason why he should not make an excellent Secretary for War.

Lloyd George and his Cabinet

As I mentioned just now, Mr. Lloyd George's name might have gone forward for the vacancy in Washington. It was said that his doctors considered him unequal to the prolonged strain which would be involved. According to my information the veteran Premier of the last war felt himself personally ill-equipped for the formalities attaching to the life of an ambassador.

But he is anxious now to put his shoulder to the wheel in the fight for victory and, according to his friends, the wave of defeatism which overwhelmed him for a time has given place to a fierce and confident spirit. It will not surprise me should Mr. Churchill now ask him to assume responsibility in the War Cabinet for an important sector of the Home Front.

Fighting Greek Minister

At a recent luncheon I found myself greatly impressed by the fighting qualities of the speech delivered by the Greek Minister, M. Simopoulos. Indeed, one could wish that many a British Minister would express the spirit of this country in a no less forthright manner.

M. Simopoulos left no doubt in the mind of anybody present that he and his people hate their enemies with all the necessary fervour to guarantee that they will continue in their struggle until Mussolini is beaten. His description of "the Duce" as a "deplorable accident in the history of a civilized Power," could hardly have summed up better what most of us—and most Italians—feel about the role they have been obliged to play in the history of the past few years.

Westbrook Pegler, one of America's better known columnists, has recently been delighting the bulk of his readers, though infuriating a certain number of Italian sympathisers with Fascismo, by insisting that Greece should declare her war aims and explain to the world why her armies must occupy Rome, as the instruments of an older Mediterranean civilisation! Doubtless he is animated by the same thought as those Frenchmen living on the Italian frontier who recently erected a notice addressed to the Greek armies: "Halt! This is French territory."

New Year Problems

Nor for the first time since the Nazi regime seized power in Germany Hitler has been keeping his enemies guessing during the past few weeks. There have been circumstantial reports of troop movements in a variety of directions. Some suggested that they were going south to the coastal regions of Spain and Portugal.

Others that they were moving across "unoccupied France" towards Italy. It seemed improbable that both were true. The German does not move in two opposite directions at the same moment. He believes, rightly, in concentration of force.

Before Parliament separated for a short recess the Prime Minister renewed his warnings against complacency, telling us that the dangers of invasion were not passed because winter has succeeded summer. There are, in fact, no special signs to suggest that the German armies are about to be sent out once more on their perilous attempt to occupy these islands. Judging all the information available, a preliminary operation in support of the Italian ally seemed more likely. But the German masses still remain available, near to the invasion ports, where they constitute a standing threat.

I have suggested before in these notes that Hitler cannot allow Italy to be knocked out of the war. It is interesting to recall his own dictum on the subject. Addressing the Reichstag on January 30, 1939—six months before going to war—Hitler declared "Nazi Germany is well aware of the fate that awaits her if ever an international power, whatever its motive, should succeed in overcoming Fascist Italy."

If German forces are now being assembled in Italy we may feel fairly sure that their immediate object is to prevent Fascist Italy from being overcome. Should we learn that a large German bomber force has been moved to Italy we may guess that a determined attempt is being made to bully Greece into making peace.

Adolf in Plunderland

ONE of the most interesting features of the closing phase of 1940 was the attempt by Marshal Pétain to reassert a measure of independence for unoccupied France. It seems now to be accepted that his sudden dismissal and preventive detention of M. Laval caused surprise and even uneasiness in Berlin.



The New G.O.C. Southern Command

Lieutenant-General the Hon. H. R. L. Alexander, who succeeded General Auchinleck as G.O.C. Southern Command last month, is seen at work with two members of his staff. General Alexander was in command of the B.E.F. during the last days of the evacuation from Dunkirk, and has since been serving as a corps commander. He is forty-nine, comes from Ulster, and is a brother of the Earl of Caledon. He married Lady Margaret Bingham in 1931, and they have three children, two boys and a girl. He served with distinction in the European War, and was awarded the M.C., D.S.O., and the Legion of Honour.



The New Marquess of Lothian

Peter Francis Walter Kerr, born in 1922, son of the late Captain Andrew W. Kerr, and of Mrs. Andrew Kerr of Melbourne Hall, Derby, where this photograph was taken, succeeds his cousin as 12th Marquess of Lothian. The late marquess, who also succeeded to the title from a cousin, was appointed British Minister to Washington a year and a half ago, and he has left a mark on Anglo-American friendship which will always be remembered in the history of both peoples.

Hitler was infuriated and promptly dispatched Abetz to Vichy with orders to demand a restoration of the previous situation. Such an affront to the French Quisling-designate, and at the very moment when he was plotting the overthrow of the aged marshal, could not be borne.

Hitler at once turned on the heat, assembled stronger forces in the Bordeaux district, and proceeded to dispatch them across unoccupied France towards Italy. Thereby he played straight into the hands of men like General Weygand, who have since repented of their too hasty capitulation to Germany and may yet form the nucleus of a new North African power. Of course, all this is looking somewhat far ahead. Clearly, if Hitler wishes to occupy the rest of France in Europe he can do so. Nor will the Allies object to seeing him spreading the Nazi butter a bit wider and thinner over the European bread.

By this policy of plunder in every land

(Concluded on page 36)

Myself at the Pictures

Charlie's Great Mistake: By James Agate

IT is an open secret that *The Great Dictator* has not been an unqualified success in America. This is a wonderful world, and perhaps the most wonderful thing in it at the moment is the fact that America's objections to the Chaplin film have been largely æsthetic. It is urged that what has been a work of art is, at the end, forcibly turned into non-art, and made to forsake its proper nature by becoming propaganda. Let us examine this.

Is *The Great Dictator* a work of art, by which one means, of course, a good work of art?

As story telling it seems to me to have a divided interest. There is first of all the little Jewish barber who, because the plot wills it, spends twenty years in a hospital owing to shell-shock from the war of 1914-1918. This is purely that he may not have heard of the Fuehrer or the National Socialist Movement.

This theme is made to run in harness with a bitter, virulent burlesque of the Fuehrer, to whom the barber bears a marked resemblance. These two themes have nothing to do with one another until the time comes for the barber to be mistaken for the Fuehrer.

Let it be said straightway that the burlesque, though brilliantly, fiendishly clever, fails in my view because it gives no notion of the size of the man burlesqued. It is sometimes held that you cannot burlesque a man who is already a buffoon. I hold the contrary opinion and maintain that you cannot burlesque a man who is not essentially a buffoon. I doubt, for example, if you can burlesque a Nero, a Genghis Khan, a Peter the Great or a Napoleon, and I venture to think that it is to this order of human beings that today's arch-tyrant belongs.

IF you do elect to burlesque such a one, why then I think you must do it as Little Robson burlesqued Medea. Let us recall George Augustus Sala on this extraordinary performance. "The love, the hate, the scorn, the diabolical loathing, the tigerish affection with which she regarded the children whom she was afterwards to slay—all these were portrayed by Robson through the medium of doggerel and slang."

Where, in Chaplin's performance, are the hate, the scorn, the diabolical loathing of the Jews, the tigerish affection with which Hitler regards the National Socialist Germany he is about to destroy? If *The Great Dictator* is to be deemed a work of art it must be art on Robson's level. And it is not.

As for the story of the barber, I am frankly disappointed. Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your tricks with hat and cane? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the theatre in a roar?

The truth is that as Chaplin has become older he has become less funny. That *The Gold Rush* saw the end of that sublime inspiration, that the fun in *City Lights* was more or less mechanical, and that by the time he came to make *Modern Times* it had become synthetic.

In the present film I find nothing but a sad, faint echo of the old ecstasy. The countenance which once was ageless is now ageing; this is a philosopher trying with might and main to recapture old riot. The long

drawn incident of the puddings brought me to the verge of tears—of the wrong sort.

THE film, then, fails with me both as the story of a little barber and as the burlesque of a monster. As a work of art I find it so poor that I am not incommenced when it ceases to pretend to be a work of art and launches out into something else.

WHAT nobody has seen is how magnificent that something else might have been. Here is Mr. Chaplin's defence of his film's ending, communicated to the New York press.

"*The Great Dictator* is not propaganda. It is the story of the little Jewish barber and the ruler whom he happened to resemble. It is the story of the little fellow that I have told and retold all my life. But it has a viewpoint, as much of a viewpoint "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Oliver Twist" had in their time. Would sympathy be a better word than propaganda? Or hatred? I didn't pull punches nor choose polite words nor attempt to temporise with something most of us feel so deeply.

"As to the ending. To me it is a logical ending to the story. To me it is the speech that the little barber would have made—even had to make. People have said that he steps out of character. What of it? The picture is two hours and seven minutes in length. If two hours and three minutes of it is comedy, may I not be excused for ending my comedy on a note that reflects, honestly and realistically, the world in which we live, and may I not be excused

in pleading for a better world? Mind you, it is addressed to the soldiers, the very victims of a dictatorship.

"It was a difficult thing to do. It would have been much easier to have the barber and Hannah disappear over the horizon, off to the promised land against the glowing sunset. But there is no promised land for the oppressed people of the world. There is no place over the horizon to which they can go for sanctuary. They must stand, and we must stand."

BUT why not have done this dramatically?

Why, instead of coming out of the picture, did not Mr. Chaplin remain in it and deliver the speech in the character of the little barber masquerading as Fuehrer, with death at the end of it? We should have seen him shot. It would have taken a minute or two for the assembled Big Noises to realise that there was something wrong with their Fuehrer, that the Fuehrer had gone mad, that this was not the Fuehrer at all. And during this minute or two the barber should have had his say.

Difficult? Yes, but the word should not be in Hollywood's dictionary; Mr. Chaplin should have given to the very pith and marrow of his film some of the attention he has bestowed upon marshalling those hundreds of thousands of rupees.

Too fantastic? Only by pushing fantasy to the extremes of reason instead of, as in the earlier parts of the film, the extremes of unreason.

As for the propriety, good taste, tact, or what you will, of offering this film to us, on this side of the Atlantic, I have merely to invite Mr. Chaplin to come over here and take a walk in the East End of London. He would then see, he must see, that what he has committed is a gaffe and a bêtise.

I should hate to speak more plainly about a very great artist who has made the blunder which threatens all the world's clowns—that of taking himself too seriously outside the art to which he was born. He should have clownish this tragedy to the end. To speak in his proper person was a mistake of the first order.



"*The Great Dictator*" has been the top name on every cinema-goer's films-to-see list for the last few weeks. Mr. Agate visited it, too, and gives his opinion of Chaplin the barber Chaplin the dictator and Chaplin the film producer, in his article this week

A Wedding in Sussex

The Marquess of Huntly's brother and Miss Suzanne Houssemayne Du Boulay



The bridesmaids were Miss Jacqueline Swinnerton-Dyer in red velvet, and Diane Du Boulay and Virginia Murray, nieces of the bride, in white satin picture frocks. The page was Peter Du Boulay, the bride's nephew, in a Gordon tartan kilt. The bride wore white satin and chiffon



Captain Lord Douglas Claude Alexander Gordon, Black Watch, is the youngest brother of the Marquess of Huntly. Suzanne Houssemayne Du Boulay is the younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Houssemayne Du Boulay, and Lady Elles. They were married just before Christmas at St. George's, West Grinstead, with a reception at Ivorys, Cowfold, home of the bride's uncle, Colonel C. B. R. Hornung



Captain Viscount Cowdray was one of the guests. He lost his arm after being severely wounded at Dunkirk



More Cowdrays among the guests were Viscountess Cowdray (Lady Anne Bridgman that was), the Hon. Mrs. Lakin, Lord Cowdray's youngest sister, who was married last year, and the Dowager Viscountess Cowdray

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Control

THAT future shipments of war relief commodities will be controlled according to the demand is excellent news for those who only want us to get what we need as quickly as possible, but it has caused consternation among socialites who were working mainly for *réclame*.

Their rival pet causes will come under this central control, which has already made it known that medical supplies and all manner of clothing for the refugees must take priority over ambulances and other bulky aids to "bombees," not immediately required.

Help in Kind

THE Overcoats for Britain charity which is run by Miss Sue Rosenberg, a decorative erstwhile Antibian, has stripped Willie Rhineland Stewart, Charlie Munn, and other best-dressed seniors, of their surplus layers. As American winters are much harder, outer clothing is correspondingly heavier, thus the recipients enjoy Savile Row cut plus Fifth Avenue fleece. London lambs disguised as North American wolves have cause to be snugly grateful these cold, black nights.

Red Cross Sector

HEARING about the immensely generous crescendo of effort on our behalf, you can visualise charity drives to raise funds for field kitchens and so on, but I would like you to forget for a moment balls at the smart San Regis, with Mrs. "Moana" Williams pleading in emeralds for German-occupied France, and let me take you to a typical work party. No lights, no glamour, no publicity. In every town, village and district in all these great forty-eight States, women are meeting several days a week to work for love from morning to night for the Red Cross.

Here on Long Island there are innumerable

workrooms, in the towns and on the country estates. We will look in at one located in Mrs. Oliver Iselin's picturesque stables. On Tuesdays and Fridays at least a dozen cars are parked in the yard. Their owners sign in and sign out, like factory hands, in order that the head of the workroom, Mrs. Henry B. Thompson, Jr., can check the number of hours each is prepared to give.

Red-headed, cheerful, and a keen beagler, Mrs. Thompson looks more English than the English because she comes from Boston, where her ancestor, Major Buttrick, made his name by ordering the first shot to be fired in the American Revolution. His descendant does her best to repair this unfortunate incident!

Having passed Mrs. Thompson's office festooned with notices of meetings, cuttings from newspapers, letters from England expressing gratitude and orders from headquarters, we find another Bostonian, Mrs. Henry Harris, who does not look up from her machine. She makes the best-looking children's coats, lined with plaid, I have ever seen. No shop sells anything as good.

In the next compartment Mrs. Herbert Bodman, who spent her early youth driving an ambulance for the American Motor Corps for French Wounded (1916, 17, 18) is making those useful little bags fitted with safety pins for babies. There are other machinists, hand-sewers, knitters and cutters-out whose names would mean nothing to you, but they represent a cross sector of Long Island including the wives of butlers, overseers, and well-to-do city men. Their work is so carefully finished that it looks as if it would last for the duration at least.

One plaid woollen model, designed by Mrs. Lloyd Griscom, will bring a ray of chic to the women who receive copies of it. "Schiaparelli" Griscom is English, was Audrey Crosse, and married her distinguished American diplomat

some years ago, and has caught his accent. His book, *Diplomatically Speaking*, is on all the best bed tables this winter; I have not gone far enough to know whether he writes about Caithness where he had a shooting for years, or only about diplomatic coups.

At the Colony Club

THE United States Minister to Norway, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, gave an extraordinary interesting causerie about her experiences, including the fateful night when the Germans steamed up the fiord to the utter surprise and numb consternation of all in Oslo. She had previously visited the old fort from which those gallant Norwegian naval officers took a pot shot, actually sinking a German cruiser, with "Moses," one of the two old cannon which were merely souvenir pieces. "Abraham" was the other.

In the small hours Mrs. Harriman got cable orders from Washington to accompany the Government. She and her secretary and one of the Legation staff left in haste with H.M. King Haakon. They had no sleep for forty-eight hours, and were bombed and machine gunned repeatedly, in obvious attacks on the King, whom the Germans intended to capture dead or alive. She is convinced of this from personal experience!

Mrs. Harriman is a great lady and a stout-hearted woman. It was she who helped to create the exclusive Colony Club in times when New York husbands and fathers were bitterly opposed to their womenfolk having a club at all. Mrs. Walter Maynard reminded her of these stormy early passages in a humorous speech of welcome.

There was a big turn-up of members anxious to greet their first president after her adventures which are likely to make yet another war book. But her descriptions of entertaining in Norway, of the delicious buffet suppers and the simple habit of dancing to the radio after every dinner party, belong to another age. She made one see the Norway that was—and it was good.

At the Movies

THE smartest New York audiences are listening to *Fantasia*, Walt Disney's extraordinary and often improper designs illustrating famous

(Concluded on page 36)



Mrs. Gerald Smith came outdoors in the lunch interval to show her latest sock. The Brookville Branch of the Red Cross meets twice a week in Mrs. Oliver Iselin's stables



Mrs. Herbert Bodman, then Theodora Dunham, drove an ambulance in France last war. Mrs. Henry U. Harris, of Boston and Long Island, has a sister in Canada who has taken five British children for the duration



Mrs. Ralph Peters, Jr., is a New Englander by birth. Mrs. Lloyd Griscom (Audrey Crosse that was) was born in old England, and married a distinguished American diplomat



Refugees

Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower has a husband with an A.A. unit in England. Mr. Arnold Lunn is lecturing all over the States—on religion, the war, the Balkans, skiing. Both his sons are in the army

Knitting and Sewing for Britain: a Red Cross Meet on Long Island



Authoress at Home—Edna Ferber

An enviable person, this Edna Ferber, since she has lived every possible moment of her fifty-three years. And with that has made a large, probably permanent, place for herself in American literature. Her autobiography *A Peculiar Treasure*, published two years ago, painted her life-story on the same broad canvas she has used for her novels—the vivid, eventful Jewish family life of her youth in Kalamazoo and Appleton, Michigan, her struggles as a cub-reporter, her break into magazine-story writing, and then her passionate immersion in various aspects of American life and history for her novels, like *So Big*, *Show Boat*, *Cimarron*, *Come and Get It*. She always loved the theatre,

and wanted to be an actress; in 1915 she wrote her first play. Later she began the collaboration with George S. Kaufmann which produced *The Royal Family*, *Dinner at Eight*, *Stage Door*, and one or two more plays. This summer at the Maplewood Theatre, New Jersey, she realised her long dream and acted on a real stage. In *The Royal Family* she played Fanny Cavendish, Marie Tempest's part in the London production six years ago. This photograph of her was taken in the book-filled work-room at Stepney Depot, Conn., where Miss Ferber has the twelve-room house, lovely garden and small, compact farm that have fulfilled another of her youthful dreams

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Hurrah for Canada

THE famous Overseas luncheons achieved a Christmas climax with the one to the Canadian forces: Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden were there: he spoke charmingly. So did Major-General Creerar, Chief of Canadian General Staff, and Captain Lord Lloyd was there, Baron von Asbech (Holland), Lord Bessborough, Lord and Lady Winterton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny, she lushed about with most becoming mink; Lord Cranborne, Mr. Vincent Massey (High Commissioner for Canada), Field-Marshal Lord Milne, Lord Snell, Major Cazalet, Sir Patrick Hannon (who gave Runnymede to the nation), Major-General Pearkes, V.C., Major-General Williams, and Major Jackson (new Fire Brigade Chief). And lots more Canadians, including quite disproportionate seeming numbers of generals and brigadiers and colonels—including Colonel Hamilton Gault, whom I mentioned the other day as having commanded Princess Patricia's Regiment in the last war, but failed to say that he had also raised and equipped it. He is now back on the job, resplendent in khaki, and stationed not far from London.

Among the jokes in Sir Jocelyn Lucas's amusing speech was one about Mr. R. B. Bennet, who, he said, had been paid the greatest compliment the English can dish

out, and had a horse named after him. Lady Lucas was looking good, receiving the guests as usual: undoubtedly these luncheons have become the great thing in our besieged, but unbowed, Metropolis.

Sir Harry Brittain

AND, too, Sir Harry Brittain was there; my next-door neighbour, which was the fun. He has a lovely lot to say, and a way of saying it that really stimulates one. He has done almost everything; and knows about quite everything. Has visited every country in the world except five, and every State in the United States, as well as every county in England. Of the five unlucky unvisited ones, I only remember Tibet and Costa Rica, but they make a good contrast to each other. To me, Tibet conveys both kinds of llama, Mr. Hilton's "Lost Horizon," an entirely remote monastery once seen out of an aeroplane among the Alps (which are probably quite different from the plateaux and such of Tibet, but imagination is very positive about the unknown), and the late John Buchan's (Lord Tweedsmuir) Prester John. While Costa Rica means hot blood, the crash of castanets, dinner very late, and a subtler version of the hot spots of Rio de Janeiro.

Sir Harry said that one of the reactions



Mrs. Robert Abel-Smith and Her Children

Judith and Samuel are the children of the late Captain Robert Abel-Smith, who was killed in action on the Scheldt last May, and of Mrs. Abel-Smith, a daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir George Smith, of Clive and Lady Clive, of Perrystone Court, Rye. The children have been evacuated to Scotland.

to a speech of his in America was a girl who rang up and said she liked his address. To which he replied that he would like hers.

He has just written a lovely book called *Come the Three Corners* ("Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue, If England to itself remain but true") which I bounced off and bought immediately after lunch. It has forty-eight illustrations, and only costs seven-and-six.

Another Book

MR. JOHN STEEGMANN, late of the National Gallery, and now in the Ministry of Home Security, has just published *Cambridge*, a companion volume to the late Christopher Hobhouse's *Oxford*. It is decorated with some fine photographs. It covers Cambridge's past, present and future, and criticises its early Victorian Gothic architecture—the early Victorian is Mr. Steegmann's favourite period, and he has a charming flat stacked with plush and papier-mâché, encrusted with shells and beading, and harbouring every known treasure of mother-of-pearl inlay and strange fantastic ornament.

Not having been to Cambridge since May-Weeking as a thoughtless girl, the vague memories of grey granite flying buttresses encrusting the green and sunny Backs are now both amplified and clarified. Mr. Steegmann also wrote *The Rule of Taste*, which had such wonderful reviews.

About Europe

AT least the war has brought contact with charming people such as Polish and Czechoslovakian soldiers which would probably never have happened otherwise. Like Major Witold Dowbor, who was for a long time quartered in Paris, and whose French is even better than his excellent English, and Stefan Kleckowski (I do hope he will make allowances for illiteracy in the spelling, from his own handwriting, wrong). Polish correspondent to our grander newspapers, and disconcertingly good psychologist. And Hans Christoff Taussing, a thin young man with an enquiring mind.



Bassano

The Hon. William and Mrs. Buchan

A daughter was born at Oxford on December 16th to the Hon. William James de l'Aigle Buchan, R.A.F.V.R., and the Hon. Mrs. Buchan, who before her marriage in 1939 was Nesta Crozier, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. C. D. Crozier, of Culham Home Farm, Abingdon. The Hon. William Buchan is a brother of the present Lord Tweedsmuir, who succeeded his father nearly a year ago.



Compton Collier

Leighton and Her Two Younger Daughters

Johanna Kathleen and Elizabeth Linda Mary, the two daughters of Sir Richard Leighton, were photographed at home, Loton Park, Shrewsbury, with Lady Leighton, sister of Major A. E. Lees, of Rowton Castle, Shrewsbury. She married Sir Richard in 1932, and they have one daughter and one son, Michael, born in 1935.

Apropos Europe: William Blake's *Europe*—*A Prophecy*, has some bits that come in handy. Including—

The youth of England, hid
in gloom, curse the pain'd heavens, compell'd
Into the deadly night to see the form of
Albion's angel.
Their parents brought them forth, and Aged
Ignorance preaches, canting,
On a vast rock, perceiv'd by those senses
that are clos'd from thought—
Bleak, dark, abrupt it stands, and over-
shadows London city.

Strong words from the robust eighteenth century.

American Eagle Club Opening

A SMALL but enormously hospitable room in the Charing Cross Road was the scene of this crowded occasion. Boars' heads, large peach flans, and everything you might fancy up and down the scale of buffet food was spread out ready, while speeches and noon-time cabaret took place.

The Eagle Squadron consists of Americans fighting as a squadron in the R.A.F., the Eagle being the United States national emblem. The club is open to British and Allied troops, and the money for it is found in United States subscriptions.

The very starry entertainment was given by Mr. Vic Oliver, Miss Dorothy Dickson, Miss Claire Luce (now married to Wing-Commander Gillan), Miss Bebe Daniels and her husband, Mr. Ben Lyon. Afterwards, the chairs on which people had enjoyed the performance were passed out over heads to give room for the company to stand up and eat.

An interesting point was the number of Americans wearing British Home Guard uniforms.

Macabre Jokes

IN "certain circles" the festive season is the occasion for all sorts of almost sadistic jokes. A single counter in Woolworth's brings this home to one—hideous soap that blackens instead of cleaning, match-boxes that go off with a sickening

whirr when opened, tumblers permanently housing hateful solid beer (with solid froth), and, crowning "novelty," fake cheque-books, in which whimsically to write unhappy friends cheques for "three hundred and sixty-five happy days." *Vive* the British sense of humour, and the famous phlegm that keeps the murder-rate so low, considering!

Surrey and District

ABOUT here, lanes, golf clubs, and pubs are infested with the young gentlemen who are learning to become officers. They include all sorts; for instance, Mr. Richard Greene, looking very soldierly, but still recognisable by the eyelashes and dimples which it is to be hoped he will keep intact for Hollywood; Mr. Peter Wills, blond, and an actor too; Mr. Lionel Earle, who was on the famous Chamonix expedition (which went out to learn to ski with the idea of helping Finland, and whose tremendously hush-hush movements were always announced in good time by Milord Haw-Haw), and so many others, all crammed impartially into battle-dress. Messrs. Mick and Pip Bankier are a delightful pair of indistinguishable twins, whose name is a famous one in the racing world—it is their uncle who has the distinction of having trained five Grand National winners. There seem to be several yards of Mr. Peter Crabbe—height and excessively black hair are characteristics of his family. His uncle, Captain Archie Crabbe, Scots Guards (not unconnected with the Chamonix trip), was playing golf in the neighbourhood, his Canadian wife with him.

R.A.F. Party

FUN was had lately at a party given by officers of an R.A.F. station. Wing-Commander T. B. Prickman is the popular and very able Station Commander. Squadron Leader P. E. Thomas, known to his friends as "Staybright Tommy," and in the theatrical world as the comedian Alan Russell, organised the party, which started at eight with a concert given by airmen from the squadrons, supported by several artists well known in the music-hall and cabaret world. Florence Desmond's brother was among the former—she has promised

soon to visit the station herself—and Miss Alice Coty and Mr. Herbert Aldridge among the latter. The party went on until the small hours of the morning, and was a grand success, much enjoyed by the officers of the station, who are there day in day out, doing their job; also many officers of the Irish Guards, including Captain D. R. Mills-Roberts. Brigadier-General Reggie Kentish was there, too, with Miss Inga Anderson, and Mr. John Holden.

Entertaining Officers

NEXT day another delightful party was given by Mrs. "Jimmy" Rank, wife of the well-known racehorse owner (who is now doing important work in connection with food supplies of the country).

This party was especially for the officers and men of an A.-A. regiment, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Tuck, who, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Rank, supported the hostess, with his second in command, Major Eric Whaley. Also there were Brigadier J. Ogle, Captain Aspinall Oglander, and many others.

There was dancing to a band led by Lance-Bombardier Bert Waller, formerly Jack Hylton's pianist, and the evening ended with the singing of "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow" to Mrs. Rank—whose gesture in entertaining an entire regiment is impressive.

A.F.S. Party

MR. GEORGE BUCKLEY entertained fellow-firemen in his Knightsbridge flat the other day, and very enjoyable it was to see the gallant boys relax. Among interesting people there was Mr. George Posford, the composer, who wrote the music of *Balalaika*, and such favourites as "Mine Alone"—it is so odd that it is often the writer of the words of a song who is heard of more than the composer, although it is surely the tune that counts. Miss Betty Atherton is a glamorous brunette who used to model for Hartnell—she manages to look much more like a drawing than a girl—and Mrs. Delmar Morgan, who is beautiful, was there too. The whole thing was very Christmasy and jolly, and luckily there was no fire alarm to interrupt the fun.



Lord and Lady Howard of Effingham

* Lord Howard of Effingham, elder son of the Earl of Effingham, now a lance-corporal in the Army, recently spent his leave at his home in London. In the library his wife, Lady Howard of Effingham, the former Maria Malvin Gertler, is busily engaged with the woollen comforts she is knitting for the people who must sleep in shelters. They were married in 1938.

Three New Films

Drama and Musical Romance from
Hollywood, Fantasy from Denham



"The Return of Frank James" is a kind of sequel to the story of Jesse James, already filmed. Henry Fonda (centre) plays Frank James, who goes after the two Fords to avenge his brother's murder. Jackie Cooper plays young Clem, Gene Tierney is a pretty reporter who helps Frank. Darryl F. Zanuck produced this Technicolor drama, with Fritz Lang as director, and it went to the Regal before Christmas



"The Thief of Bagdad": Conrad Veidt is the villain of this Eastern fantasy, plays the wicked Grand Vizier who carries off the Princess into unhappy and tortured captivity. June Duprez is the beautiful Princess heroine. "The Thief of Bagdad" is the first super-spectacle to come from a British studio; was made partly at Denham and partly, because the war made Africa out of location bounds, in the Grand Canyon of Arizona and the Painted Desert; cost about half-a-million pounds; is in Technicolor. Alexander Korda is the Djinn who made it; one of his many helpers was art director William Cameron Menzies, who made "Gone With the Wind" so beautiful to look at. "The Thief of Bagdad" is now at the Odeon



"Spring Parade": Deanna Durbin has turned into a European peasant girl called Ilonka Tolnay, who is the best dancer and singer of her village. A twist of fortune takes her to Vienna, where she lodges with a baker (S. Z. Sakall), and soon has a sweetheart, smart young Corporal Harry Marten (Robert Cummings)



Ilonka reaches the peak of her fortune when she sings before the Emperor (Henry Stephenson). Corporal Harry also becomes famous by writing a wonderful waltz. And they live happy ever after. Joe Pasternak has produced all the Durbin films, and did the same by this, with Henry Koster as director. Coming soon to the New Gal



The Thief of Bagdad is Sabu, companion in adversity of the Prince (John Justin). He shares his captivity, helps him to escape, goes with him on long travels and through many adventures, and finally helps him to win his Princess and his rightful throne

Hero is Prince Ahmad, who loves the Princess and rescues her with the help of the young Thief of Bagdad (Sabu). Here the blinded Prince is with the Princess's malicious maid, Halima, who helps the Grand Vizier with his plots. John Justin, a Korda discovery for whom great things are prophesied, is the Prince, and Mary Morris is Halima

Trick Photography in "The Thief of Bagdad"

A magic carpet flying through the sky with the Prince and Sabu on board is one of the many and astonishing effects achieved by trick photography

The star "still" of "The Thief of Bagdad" is the one (below, right) of the Djinn's foot and the boy Thief. Rex Ingram (De Lawd in "Green Pastures") plays the 200-ft. Djinn on whose ear Sabu appears as a pigmy. More feats of camera magic get the huge Djinn into a six-inch bottle, send a forty-foot spider scuttling after Sabu, make a horse fly



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IN a simpler, sweeter age the New Year stationers' windows would be flooded with bright, sticky, violent chromo-lithographs of the Battle of Sidi Barrani, after—some way after—the well-known manner of Lady Butler or Caton Woodville.

Austerlitz may still be the Perfect Battle of All Time, planned with flawless genius and executed with impeccable mastery, rhythmic as a Court gala minuet and logical as a proposition in Euclid. Sidi Barrani, which runs it pretty close, experts say, is at any rate a fine example of the Classic British Battle; for Highlanders charging in the centre with the bayonet, as you are aware, were what the advertising boys call a key-feature.

We saw recently in a country junk shop a humble Victorian chromo showing Highlanders charging with the bayonet in some desert battle of the past—possibly Omdurman—which might almost have done for Sidi Barrani except for the tossing kilts and sporrans, the waving moustaches, and the grim, noble, excessively wooden and repetitive expression of the Highland dial.

Bayonet-work in our experience actually inspires grimaces, sometimes comic, which the Victorian war artist shrank from reproducing, for he invariably idealised and glorified the homely Military Pan. This convention has probably vanished with all the others.

IT's our wistful view, as an ex-member of an ordinary Line regiment, that as soon as the enemy at Sidi Barrani realised the Highlanders were about to charge, they knew they were in for an Academy picture—maybe some 10' by 8'—sooner or later. This probably contributed not a little to their speedy collapse, and you can quote us in St. John's Wood as saying it.

Regret

WE wanted to pass on to you some stirring bit of advance news for 1941 derived from astral sources, but the stars seem to be extremely coy and non-committal about the war and are so far telling their Press buddies the astrologer boys nothing worth mentioning.

Possibly this is the boys' own fault to some extent. Their huge and cretinous public is hungry for that impressive mumbo-jumbo which Dr. Dee and Nostradamus dished out by the basinful; instead of which it is fobbed off instead with the ordinary clichés of Fleet Street. In other and more odious words, the astrologers aren't "selling" the stars nowadays, though all the grimoires of the past are at their disposal.

We doubt also if a single one of them works in a flat full of crucibles and athanors, curcubites and alembics, with a stuffed crocodile hanging from the ceiling and a pentacle drawn on the carpet. Not that properties pertaining to the Grand Magisterium are essential to pure astrology, but they create that serious scientific atmosphere which gratifies Saturn et al. and leads to the big stuff. A goat is not essential—the Sunday paper boys have a million or so of those at their disposal anyway—but makes a nice decoration.

Tip

Too dapper, that's what Fleet Street's astrologers are, if you ask us. Too banal. Too worldly. Too much like the



"I can never understand why our ears always burn on the first of the month"

chaps on the Advertising Side. We doubt strongly also their general knowledge of the sister occult arts; they probably think the Infamous Kiss, for example, is something to do with Hollywood, and we'd like to examine some of them on the ritual at a witches' coven, whether as described in the *Malleus Maleficarum* or a modern Sabbat of female novelists.

Meanwhile a few slabs of dog-Latin gibberish and crincum-crancum would please their public and maybe induce the flattered stars to come across with something a chap can get his teeth into, who knows?

Entente

THAT reception given recently for Prince Bernhard of Holland by the South African Minister to the Netherlands in commemoration of Dingaan's Day seems to show, an authority assures us, that the South African Dutch are coming round and relenting a bit. Not so long ago they esteemed themselves exclusively the real McKay, referring to the inhabitants of the Old Country with some hauteur as *verdomder Hollanders*.

This used to annoy the great loud Theodore Roosevelt, for one, extremely, and with him, no doubt, all the proud haughty "Vans" who rule New York Society.

It is nevertheless quite normal, and universal, as you can find out easily by asking the nearest Kentish man on the border what he thinks of the men of Sussex. The men of Kent esteem the men of Sussex to be dolts, cretins, clodhoppers, gulls, and ninnymammers. The Sussex men think the men of Kent (who have tails) are oafs, morons, beezles, and wowsers. The men of Cardigan are a by-word for inhuman avarice and cunning with the men of Glamorgan, whom they in turn deem po' white trash and the lowest form of human life. And the Florentines have an extremely rude rhyme about the Sieneese. . . .

ALL this is reasonable enough, and especially in a collection of tough hairy citizens like the South African Dutch, who have done a certain amount of ramping round and making their way, unlike the paunchy cits at home. We don't know if they ever included the Dutch of Java and other parts of the Empire in the same inferior category. As this would be grotesquely ridiculous, they probably did.

Misconceptions

EXCEPT at Eton, where they are still officially in mourning for him, and at Oxford, where many of the more elderly

(Concluded on page 14)



"Give me trunks"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"What's the matter with 'im? Must 'ave 'eard some good news or somethin'"

Standing By ...

(Continued)

dons often raise a piping cheer for King George and his gracious Consort, Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, whom they believe to be assisting him still in the task of governing England, George the Third is practically forgotten. It was agreeable therefore in a way to find an eminent sculptor, Mr. Gilbert Ledward, recently expressing high pleasure at the fact that George the Third still bestrides his bronze charger in Cockspur Street, unsandbagged but unbombed.

The Westminster ædiles seem to have lost interest in Farmer George. During the Coronation they anxiously boxed him up, leaving only the tail of his horse protruding. Now they don't care. Maybe somebody has told them since that he lost us America, which is rather a shock, like telling one of the Winter Sports crowd that Switzerland is not a British Dependency.

LAST time we drank George the Third's health was in very fine Bourbon whisky at the house of a wealthy and hospitable New England Quaker lawyer who spent his time prosecuting for offences under the Volstead Prohibition Act in the State's behalf, and had a first-rate bootlegger. He seemed seriously to think we minded losing America—a curious illusion, responsible for over a century of American dislike of this country (it was Ambassador John Hay, wasn't it, who told Rudyard Kipling frankly that hatred of England was "the hoop round the staves of the Union"?).

Now Americans are finding out that the Island Race doesn't really mind, their natural generosity and warm kindness are finding a vent, and they and we can be as matey as all-get-out. Which only shows something or other.

Legs

THE real reason for the recent exhumation of the ashes of Napoleon's son, the poor little King of Rome, the Eaglet, from the Hapsburg vaults in the Capuchins' Church at Vienna, and the reburial ceremony in the Invalides has not yet been explained. It coincided with the centenary of the removal of Napoleon's body to the Invalides, and to imagine Hitler as desirous of encouraging the Napoleonic Cultus in France at the moment surely seems fantastic?

However, the incident enabled at least two serious Organs of Opinion to devote long leading articles to the Napoleonic Tradition without once mentioning Austerlitz—a considerable surprise, like missing the Fifth Symphony in a critical piece about Beethoven or finding James ("Boss") Agate "I"-less in Gaza.

They also dealt with the King of Rome without a single reference to Sarah Bernhardt's legs, which are as inseparable from the idea of l'Aiglon (Rostand) as they are from Hamlet (Shakespeare).

WE weren't old enough to see the divine Bernhardt's legs in either play, for which you ought to be grateful. She must have been pretty terrible—most actresses are pretty terrible—in both, though wonderful in Racine.

When the divine Rachel recited a certain couplet from *Phèdre* ("Ariane, ma sœur...") Alfred de Musset used to faint away in his box. Bernhardt when she liked could produce the same emotional devastation, elderly playgoers tell us, and so does, or did, Miss ——— (name deleted by Censor), who once, while tearing the stuffing out of *The Trojan Women*, affected us so much that during a tirade we opened a vein with our penknife and quietly bled to death. As the rest of the stalls had obviously been dead for years this did not upset the tragedy queen, who raved on.

Ban

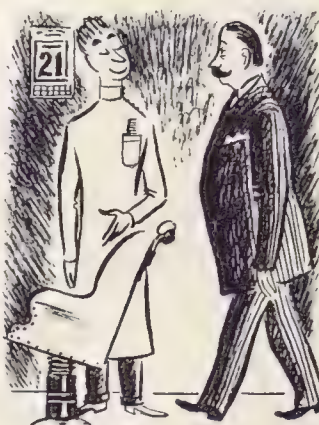
THE Vichy Government's decision to punish attacks in print on the Head of the State by putting delinquents in the can doesn't seem quite so startling to us as it did to some of our colleagues, possibly because we do the same thing here. What shocked the boys, no doubt, was the breathtaking change from Republican custom,

the French having been so long accustomed to tossing half-bricks at their rulers.

For years past some of the finest ding-dong have-at-you writing in political journalism, whether you agreed with it or not, has been appearing regularly in the Royalist *Action Française* and the Communist *Humanité* respectively. The style was superb, the insults well-chosen and tremendous. A single one of Daudet's daily references to the private and public morals of Briand, Barthou, and a few more *hommes de salivé* in power would have meant, in this country, instant imprisonment for criminal libel and suppression of the newspaper, most of Daudet's remarks being true.

The Island tradition since Junius being that British politicians are pure as the driven snow, this French rudery is grievous to the respectable, reminding many, no doubt, of the wicked days of *The New Witness* and the un-cricket-like attacks of Cecil Chesterton on some of our big boys during the Marconi Shares affair, which took a Royal Commission to put everything right. Personally, we can never understand why the private doings of public men should be sacrosanct, but maybe our morals have been debauched by too much contact with the flighty Gaul.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis





Countryman's Camera : Pigging for Victory, by Norman Parkinson

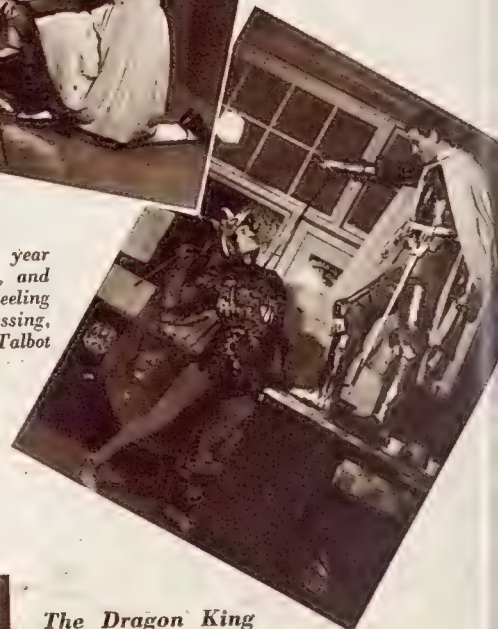
Will o' the Wisp in this year's production of "Where the Rainbow Ends" is Janet Hackford



Six members of the chorus rehearse a song with Miss Conti



St. George this year is Jack Watling, and Rosamund, kneeling for St. George's blessing, above, is Muriel Talbot



Italia Conti

A Notable Stage "Schoolmistress" and Some of Her Pupils

The Dragon King (Douglas Phair) receives his congé from St. George over the tea counter during rehearsal



Italia Conti was on the stage herself before Charles Hawtrey, in 1911, asked her to train the children, and arrange the fairy scenes and dances for the first production of *Where the Rainbow Ends*. During the preliminaries, one of her earnest young pupils begged her to let him play St. George. She patted him kindly on the cheek and said: "No, my dear, you are far too chubby for St. George, you shall play the page." This was Noel Coward; and it was his second appearance on the stage. Since then Italia Conti has made the training of children for the theatre her life-work, and can quote a long list of stars as her former pupils—Gertrude Lawrence, Adele Dixon, June, Margaret Lockwood, Roger and Barrie Livesey, Anton Dolin, Brian Ahearne, Freddie Bartholomew are a few of them. Every Christmas since then her pupils have appeared in *Where the Rainbow Ends*, and this year is no exception. Since December 21st the children's play by Clifford Mills and John Ramsey (Reginald Owen), with music by Roger Quilter, has been at the New Theatre. Miss Conti's school is now at Bournemouth, but she brought the pick of her pupils to London a week or two before Christmas for rehearsals. Among them is Pauline Tennant, Hermione Baddeley's daughter, making her stage debut. Miss Conti herself has several times appeared in the play as Mrs. Carey. In private life she says dogs are her hobby

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

A Revival of "Berkeley Square"

Jean Forbes-Robertson Makes
Her Debut as Actress-Manager

André van Gyseghem and Jean Forbes-Robertson, husband and wife in private life, are director and actress-manager of and are both appearing in the revival of *Berkeley Square* which opened at the Vaudeville on December 24. This was one of the earliest plays on the time-theory theme, written by John L. Balderston in collaboration with J. C. Squire, produced at St. Martin's Theatre in 1926. Jean Forbes-Robertson made a great success of the same part in which she now appears under her own management. She has already been seen in plays dealing with this subject—notably two of J. B. Priestley's, *Time and the Conways* and *Long Mirror*, a new piece not yet played in London

Photographs by Angus McBean



News from America

Kate Pettigrew (Rosalinde Fuller) listens while her mother, Lady Anne Pettigrew (Christine Silver), reads a letter to her and her spendthrift brother, Tom (Grey Blake), which announces the forthcoming visit to England of their rich cousin from the United States

André van Gyseghem, Jean Forbes-Robertson and Tarver Penna play the parts of Peter Standish, Helen Pettigrew and Mr. Throstle. The last-named is Helen's suitor, afraid and jealous of the strange American cousin who has appeared in their midst—a twentieth-century being projected back into the past



Visitor from Another Age

Peter Standish (André van Gyseghem), a twentieth-century young man with a passion for the past, slips from his own time into the seventeen-eighties. There he finds his cousin, Helen Pettigrew (Jean Forbes-Robertson), who is fascinated by his strange behaviour and talk



Past—Present—Future?



A Stopper for Adolf, but not for "Charles"! Fox and ho



negotiating an unfinished tank trap somewhere in England : by Lionel Edwards

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Ecstatic Worship

I AM always suspicious of ecstatic worship. Probably I even dislike it. Even worship, it seems to me, should be the supreme expression of reasoning, not—as it too often is—of unbounded emotionalism. Even some prayers, and not a few hymns, always leave me feeling rather sick—such abject grovelling, mixed up with outrageous demands for benefits hopefully to be received. Again, sometimes sheer worship is a form of selfishness, or, rather, self-propaganda. Like standing within somebody else's limelight, since there is so little of your own; social snobbery translated into terms of mental intimacy. Briefly, worship which transcends criticism is surely, for the worshipped, little to be proud of, apart from food for vanity.

There is no necessity to grovel, even in the eyes of God. For a groveller, if you analyse his grovelling, seems always to have one eye on the main chance—be it either in kind or kindness. A really great man should hate it and, in accordance to the gratification he receives, face to face with a kneeling audience, so he misses true greatness. I mean *entire* greatness. But the grovelling worshipper accepts everything, asking no inner questions, but actively resenting the questions of others. Being usually unable to answer them, which makes him more resentful still! Even love, which is proverbially blind, realises how silly it was when once its eyes have been opened by familiarity and experience. It does not necessarily love the less, but it is a nobler kind of love; a deeper, profounder, more logical and more reasoned devotion.

It inspires respect. It knows where it stands—and why.

Idols are invariably unreal. Perhaps that is why so many people worship them. But what sensible person could worship an unreality? But millions do, and so gladly, without, or so it appears, having any conception of the real. Often, indeed, turning away from it when they find it; since invariably it is so much less picturesque, so infinitely less conducive to any kind of emotional hysteria; which is what the majority really enjoy. Therefore it seems to me that in his interesting and often profound novel, *Lotte in Weimar* (Secker and Warburg; 9s. 6d.), Herr Thomas Mann is not likely to infect his public with fellow-worship for Goethe; simply because he himself is such a worshipper at the Goethe shrine, supreme authority though he be of every aspect appertaining to the life and personality of the great German poet, that he very nearly bores.

Ponderous, and Without Humour

FOR this is a kind of study of Goethe as seen in his old age through the experiences of his youth—by which alone old age should be judged perhaps. But in spite of passages of extraordinary philosophical interest, the study is ponderous and an almost complete lack of humour seems to make it heavier still. In fact, when in a playful moment somebody calls somebody else "butter-fingers," you almost jump.

It is a story told, too, in such enormously long monologues that it is almost as if each character came on the scene merely to describe at length the Full Story of His—

or Her—Life. In this story, of course, Goethe is the main essence, since in telling their own story at such long length, the characters are also describing his influence upon them and their destiny. It is almost as if Goethe's own life were being told from the individual point of view of those most closely associated with it.

So there follows, close upon each other's heels, the head-waiter of the hotel; after him comes an Irish lady, with a penchant for drawing celebrities; Adele Schopenhauer; August, the Privy Councillor's son; though the longest visitor of all was Dr. Riemer, who finally brings his dissertation upon his hero to a close by crying: "For you, like myself, belong to the ranks of those men, women, and young maidens upon whom, through him, the light of history, legend, and immortality falls as it does upon those about Jesus Christ."

Finally, Goethe himself comes upon the scene. A crashing bore, it seemed to me! In a toast to his guests—for he is giving a dinner-party—he declares: "Let us give thanks to the heavenly powers for vouchsafing so happy an occasion for this joyous meeting. Let us be glad of the modest, yet well and truly prepared meal!" Well, the guests had, among other things, soup, ragout of fish, and mushrooms au gratin, in shells; filet; finally ending up with raspberry fool. But as the whole room was enveloped in the aroma of eau-de-Cologne, I am not sorry to have been absent. And Goethe, a charming host, told an enormously long story, and otherwise seemed to monopolise the whole conversation; but as all the guests hung ecstatically on every syllable, a memorable time was had by all apparently.

Lotte

BUT I digress. Let me tell you the theme upon which this study of Goethe is woven. After forty-four years, Frau Kestner, who was the original Lotte of Goethe's *Werther*, came on a visit to Weimar, where the great man lived. The visit was

(Concluded on page 22)



Bombed London: an Exhibition of Photographs

Mr. Herbert Morrison opened the Ministry of Information's exhibition of photographs of London in wartime at Charing Cross Underground Station. The exhibition is called "London Pride." With the Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security here are Miss Ellen Wilkinson, Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. Harold Nicolson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Information, and Sir Kenneth Clark



Wedding of an Artist's Son

Mr. Oliver Nicholls, son of Mr. Bertram Nicholls, P.R.B.A., R.O.I., was married from his parents' home at Steyning, Sussex, during short leave, to Miss Ann Pratt, of the Manor House, Lincoln. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls are with the bride and bridegroom here. Bertram Nicholls' landscapes hang in Canadian and New York collections as well as the National Gallery

*In the House*

Lady Sarah Cadogan poses for her photograph with June and Robert Ducas, and her brother, Viscount Chelsea, Earl and Countess Cadogan's son and heir. They are all living at Stanton Fitzwarren, the Robert Ducas's home at Highworth.

*In the Garden*

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ducas are with a jolly quartette of children in the garden of their lovely Wiltshire house, built specially for Mrs. Ducas by her husband on her marriage.

Happy Family

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ducas, Their Two Children and Three Small Guests

Mr. Robert Ducas is an American citizen who is determined to stay in this country throughout the war, and is engaged on work of national importance here. He was married in 1936 to the eldest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Stourton, and a niece of Viscount Southwell. She is a fully qualified V.A.D. attached to St. George's Hospital, and is on duty two nights a week in London shelters. Their two attractive children, Robert and June, have three little friends, the children of Earl and Countess Cadogan, staying with them at Stanton Fitzwarren during their parents' absence abroad. Earl Cadogan is serving with his regiment, and his wife, the former Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller, is also somewhere in the East.

Photographs by Swaebe

*A Tea Party*

June Ducas plays the perfect hostess to the youngest of her guests, Lady Daphne Cadogan, who is only fourteen months old. Daphne's father is serving abroad and her mother is with him.

*A Tricycle Race*

Among the many ways in which the Ducas and Cadogan children amuse themselves at Stanton Fitzwarren is to race round the garden paths on their tricycles. Viscount Chelsea leads the wheeled cavalcade.

*A Tug-of-War*

For a very short time a tug-of-war is also a popular game with the children. On this occasion Mr. Robert Ducas encourages them to pull as hard as possible and acts as referee.

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

one partly of curiosity, partly to revisit the man whose youthful devotion had made her name world-famous; partly to see if the romance of long, long ago was something missed, or something which came to an end at the right sentimental moment. They had never been lovers. It had been merely dalliance in a rose-garden. Frau Kestner had loved her husband and born him eleven children. But the poet had made her famous, simply because the world associated his heroine with the girl to whom he had once been devoted. She was merely one in a small procession of such heroines, but because she was one, her name would for ever be linked with a masterpiece.

Arriving at Weimar, Frau Kestner had a reception like unto a film star arriving at Liverpool Street Station. A huge public watched and waited outside her hotel. Visitors began to arrive. She was expected to dine that evening with her sister-in-law, and it was already late. But each visitor must surely have remained for hours, since the story they had to tell required the closest attention, and continued almost interminably.

Frau Kestner was certainly the ideal listener. Perhaps she had to be—since you can rarely cut off a deferential German, full of a long story, at its source, so to speak. Yet all the time I, for one, was longing for Frau Kestner to meet this man who, forty-four years previously, had made her name immortal. Would she be disillusioned? Would she rather dislike inwardly, seeing what he might have become, the fame which would always associate her name with his? Would they begin again where they had left off—in the mature and unromantic sense?

Towards the end I am allowed to know. As I suspected, it had something of that arid bitterness of an anti-climax. She asks him: "Do you not sometimes, in all the glory of your actual, question the might-have-been? For your actual, well I know, is the effect of renunciation, and in consequence of impairment and loss; for renunciation and loss lie close together, and all reality and achievement are nothing but the impaired possible."

Moving Passages

PERSONALLY I like *Lotte in Weimar* best as a kind of unconscious anthology. A lot of it is extremely dull, but from time to time there flare out passages of such illuminating thought that one pauses to read them again and again, ignoring their context in the story as a story. These make the

book so well worth reading and, in part, so well worth remembering. Do we get that study of genius which the publishers assume we shall be given? If so, then, it seemed to me, genius outside its work is somewhat clodhopping.

Thoughts from "Lotte in Weimar"

"ONE should not take a sense of humour for granted, with people one does not know, or no longer knows."

"Children are hard; they cannot brook that their mother should have a life of her own."

"We always speak idly and irrelevantly when our interest in our theme is all too burning."

"To be the son of a great man is a high fortune, a considerable advantage. But it is likewise an oppressive burden, a permanent derogation of one's own ego."

"Men do not act quite of themselves. They act in response to an outward situation, and on being presented with an opportunity to conform to a pattern."

"To live on memories alone is the privilege of age, after life's tasks are done. In youth it means death."

Tale of the Tyrol

DESCENT (or is it ascent?) to the simple narrative is exhibited in Miss Phyllis Bottome's charming little long-short story, *Heart of a Child* (Faber and Faber; 5s.). Often one wonders what is really passing

in the minds and hearts of the peasants, the simple people, who now live under the lash of the Nazi thugs. Will their character be found changed when it is all over? Or will they once again resume the direct simplicity of their mode of life?

This is a story of the Tyrol in 1918 and 1919, but its implication equally belongs to the years when the present war will be over. Then—as may be once again—the Austrian population were almost at their last gasp, and even farmers were short of meat; their spirits sullen and indifferent to both victory or defeat.

In a mountain village lived the Spiel family, one of whom is the real hero of the tale: Karl Spiel, a boy of eleven, prematurely aged by responsibilities beyond his age; by the grim outlook facing his family and the district which, for him, was his whole world. Only one gleam of sunshine enters his childish life, his love for the dog Luchs; and this love seems to him a reflection of that spirit of love which the wise and tolerant parish priest teaches him is the love of God. Karl's father unfortunately falls seriously ill, and nothing will save his fast failing strength but fresh meat, and that fresh meat can only be supplied by the slaughter of Luchs. The awfulness of the mere idea drives Karl to instant action. But his methods only just succeed in saving the dog's life, and in reality it is the unexpected arrival of an English family on a ski-ing holiday which clears up the situation and brings peace and happiness to the village in time for Christmas.

A simple little story, as I have already told you. But very charming, and the lovely descriptions of Tyrol will bring a bitter-sweet heartache to those who know that beautiful countryside.

Story of Twins

"GEMINI" (Bles; 7s. 6d.) by Netta Syrett, gives an unconventional twist to the usual story of mysterious affinity between twins. Neil and Donald Inglis were born on Armistice Day, 1918, a few hours after their father's death. But they grow up unlike twins of fiction. At periods they have such a resentment and hatred against each other that their mother has to keep them apart. Indeed, so strange do these outbursts appear, that we are told to assume them to be the effect of their "karma," and a penalty to be extracted from their present existence due to a failure in their last incarnation.

The woman, however, who is the cause of most of these outbursts, is an objectionable creature, without being psychologically very interesting. However, she is thrust out of their lives at last, not exactly with the happiest results, because eventually the twins die. Nevertheless, Miss Syrett has given us an interesting novel; very nearly as good as any she has written.



Seeing It Through

Strange how some fragile piece of bric-à-brac will defy the blast of enemy bombs and remain unscathed among the debris of shattered glass, charred wood and twisted steel. In a wrecked shop, not far from Fleet Street, only one survivor faced the passers-by unshaken and intact—a plaster statuette of your faithful servant, the "Tailor" man. Hoping there was something symbolic in this defiance, our photographer recorded the scene and here it is, a token of our resolve to keep going come bomb, come breadbasket



The Ambassador sits at his desk to talk over the business of the day with the Counsellor, M. Kadri Rizan. In the photograph on the right the portrait is of Kemal Ataturk, of whom Dr. Aras was a personal friend

The Turkish Ambassador

Dr. Tewfik Rustu Aras at His Portland Place Embassy

It is two years this month since Dr. Tewfik Rustu Aras took up his post in London—two eventful years, during which Great Britain has found in Turkey her most loyal friend in Europe. This well-tried friendship has been reaffirmed recently in the latest of a series of Anglo-Turkish financial agreements. Since its signature, considerable quantities of Turkish goods have been purchased by the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation (including figs and sultanas), thereby reducing greatly Turkey's economic dependence on Germany. At the London end of the various negotiations, diplomatic, military and economic, that have taken place since he arrived here, Dr. Aras has played his part with immense energy, versatility and good will. He had a long experience of international affairs before he became Ambassador, having been Foreign Minister for thirteen years from 1925, and he has a first-hand knowledge of Balkan problems from his endless travels in those parts. He is a personal friend of President İnönü and M. Sarajoglu, as he was of Kemal Ataturk. He was a Doctor of Medicine before he went into politics as Deputy for Izmir in the National Great Assembly. Later he was twice Minister of Health

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick





Officers of the 1/5th Lancashire Fusiliers

Back row: Sec.-Lieut. R. D. West, Sec.-Lieut. P. D. Leggett, Sec.-Lieut. D. C. Hopson, Sec.-Lieut. H. D. Leventon, Sec.-Lieut. A. J. P. O'Shaughnessy, Sec.-Lieut. K. R. S. Roberts

Middle row: Sec.-Lieut. G. F. Spooner, Lieut. D. O. Davies, R.A.M.C., Sec.-Lieut. N. C. Johnson, Sec.-Lieut. J. N. Clitheroe, Sec.-Lieut. W. A. Webb, Sec.-Lieut. T. G. Casson, Sec.-Lieut. F. H. Taylor, Sec.-Lieut. W. N. Ingham, Sec.-Lieut. A. H. H. Christmas, Sec.-Lieut. T. L. Entwistle, Sec.-Lieut. D. T. Walton

Front row: Sec.-Lieut. T. H. P. Cain, Captain J. C. Kenyon, Captain H. J. Webb, Captain G. Allen, Major C. F. Howell, Lieut.-Colonel J. K. Smith (Commanding Officer), Major T. B. J. Eveleigh (Adjutant), the Rev. G. C. G. Allsop, C.F., Captain J. H. Fielden, Captain D. P. Taylor, Sec.-Lieut. T. P. Walmsley

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"The New Year Reviving Old Desires"

AND let us hope a few new ones, amongst them a resolve to try to be better men and women at breakfast time—and before it! We must be forbearing and remember that there are so many of us who, at that time when Dawn's Left Hand is still in the sky, even under ordinary conditions, feel that it is like a wet fish, and that the breakfast hour at the present time is more than usually difficult and makes a demand upon our savoir-vivre which is quite inordinate. It is never an easy moment, even on such a gladsome occasion as a fine hunting morning. The Hunter of the East may have scored a bull with that stone cast into the bowl of night, but that makes no difference to so many people, and therefore we ought to be peculiarly mindful of how we behave towards those who may have come through a night compared to which the frolics of Walpurgis are a barn-dance. Breakfast has always been a meal at which the silence of the Trappist is absolutely imperative, for I do not believe that even the best of us will claim that we are then as full of our normal aplomb and poise as may be the case when the day has had time to dry itself and preen the feathers that may still be a bit damp from the dews of night. The Breakfast Brayer never has been as easy to bear as even Balaam's ass.

Hints for the Breakfast Front

IT being permissible to take it as common form that the hour is one when extreme tact is most desirable, how should we act?

A great many of our fellow human beings are in a semi-comatose condition until the sun is well over the mast-head and many, in fact, make no pretence at all to being fit for human consumption until well after that hour; they even pride themselves upon their idiosyncrasy and resent the condition of those who are unlike them. What, then, ought any humane person to do? Following up the Trappist silence idea, I suggest that it is wiser to carry on any absolutely unavoidable conversation by means of signs—e.g., if you deduce that they are in need of a prairie oyster, point to a raw egg, the Lea and Perrins, the vinegar, the Tabasco, and if they make any sort of sign, even the flicker of an eyelid, mix one for them and then go on with your own eggs and bacon, kidneys and such like, or even marmalade and toast; but do it noiselessly. It is always difficult to cork up the unduly chatty and garrulous, and it would not be a bad idea if such persons were compelled to go and have their breakfasts with the children, who, bless their hearts, are always game for a lark even in the dewy dawn. No one should add to the surcharged atmosphere by remarks about delayed-action ones, or how a bomb had knocked a sherry and bitters out of their hands just before dinner last night. That is not cricket. The aim should be to stroke the fur in the right direction and not to drag people through hedges backways. There are many of our fellow human beings whose principal delight it is to say, "Aren't you well? You're looking absolutely rotten!"



The Bearded Navy

Lord Stanley of Alderley, who is also sixth Baron Sheffield, was born in 1907 and has joined the Navy, in which he is now a Lieutenant. Like so many officers of the Senior Service in wartime, he has grown a beard

Amateurism in Excelsis

"To operate from directions wide apart, and between which there is no direct communication, is a fault which generally leads to others."

And the same supreme master of the art and science of war further remarked:

"The most important secret in war is to make oneself master of the communications. . . . One ought never to yield up one's line of communication; but to know how to change it is one of the most skilful manoeuvres of the art of war."

How much longer is a supposedly intelligent country like Italy going to permit an incompetent amateur, who can never even have heard of Buonoparte, let alone have read his immortal *Maximes de Guerre*, monkey with her fate?

Regard his dispositions and his almost complete lack of communications: (1) his western home front—also his northern (the Brenner an increasing menace); (2) Albania; (3) Abyssinia; (4) Libya.

A hopeless mess contrived by a hopelessly incompetent amateur. Fundamentals have passed him by. Mussolini could not understand this simple lecture, even if it were beaten into him with a sledge-hammer.

He has completely disregarded the danger of dispersion. He has no power to change his lines of communication and supply. Leading cases of where this was possible and was skilfully carried out are:

(a) Moore from Lisbon to Corunna, after upsetting the whole of Napoleon's shooting match by his advance against his line of communications;

(b) Wellington from Portugal to St. Ander, paralysing Joseph Buonoparte's army by seizing his line of communications (through Bayonne) and capturing all his guns, stores and treasure, including a utensil called "The Emperor" now, and ever since those days part of the mess plate of the 14th Hussars. All this is so elementary that the stupidest can comprehend it; yet it has gone clean over the head of the man who has led Italy into the most deadly war in history.

The Unmasker of Germany

SIR ROBERT VANSITTART, whose now famous broadcast is to be published in small book form by Hamish Walker, is one of the people who believes that there can

only be one kind of good German, a dead 'un! That used to be said of some other people, the Mahsuds. They were also bloody-minded. In the main, as we must believe upon the proven facts, it is true of the Hun; but there are exceptions to every rule and many of us have met Germans who were not, like this present generation, brought up on Hitlerism. This being so, the future would seem to be more than ordinarily difficult. It is a striking case of *quo semel imbuta testu*. If and when that film which was to be called *Kitchener* is made, I understand Sir Robert Vansittart is to be invited to be one of the joint authors, and that the other one is to be Sir George Arthur. As this picture is bound to be more or less the story of when two strong men stood face to face, no better collaboration could be imagined, for Sir Robert Vansittart was in as close touch with Lord Curzon as Sir George Arthur was with Lord Kitchener.

One for the Road?

IF the suggested rationing of liquid refreshment and the banning of all treating should unhappily come into force, this, and many other kindred expressions of geniality, will vanish from the current coin of our conversation. We shall hear no more of "Have the other half?" "Down the hatch!" etc.; and we shall find ourselves committed to a gloomy aloofness from which all conviviality has been banished. It is understood that if this suggested drink coupon regulation (emanating from Glasgow) becomes the law of the land, it will be an indictable offence to say "Come and have a quick one!"



... And This is Dave Willis Crying It

Believed to be the only free-lance town crier in the country, seventy-three-year-old Dave Willis tricycles round his country town, giving the news. He is paid 5s. for every commission he executes, and is a well-known and picturesque figure in his red coat and waistcoat in the neighbourhood



Compton Collier

Land Girl and Pilot Officer Engaged

Miss Constance Sanford, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. A. Sanford, of Triley Court, Abergavenny, will be married shortly to P.O. Robin Hooper, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Hooper, of Harewell, Faversham, Kent. Miss Sanford is in the Land Army



Johnson, Oxford

Comforts Fund Dance at Oxford

A dance was held at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford, in aid of the Services Comforts Fund. Some of those who supported this good cause and had supper together were Miss Clementi Smith, Mr. Derek Morphet, Miss Barbara Horsfield, Mr. Clive Wilkinson, an Oxford Rugby Blue who was an outstanding figure in the recent 'Varsity match, Miss Carlyon Evans, and Mr. Granville Byrd

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

In Triplicate

Not only do we learn to write in triplicate, but now also to fight in triplicate. There is magic in the figure 3, symbol, according to Professor Hogben or somebody, of masculinity; recurring figure of fate—the three Furies, the three Graces and the three Fates; the three gods, Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto; the three elements and the three fighting arms, air, sea and land. When they work together, Air Force, Army and Navy, things happen.

It is the triple lesson of the past month; the lesson of Albania, of Taranto and of the Western Desert. Where the three arms dovetail in their duties and play as a team, there is no beating them. It is the strength of three in one.

The Prime Minister sees this more clearly than anybody else; he has always seen that strength lies precisely in that close co-operation and collaboration between the Services which is as valuable as it is difficult to achieve.

To get air, sea and land to work really well together is as awkward a problem of organisation as there could be. Three into one won't go—or won't go very easily. But when the problem is solved the results repay all the troubles. And we are solving it. It is hardest of all for those who, like myself, think first of aviation. For one sees the enormous possibilities of aviation working alone, and so tends to forget the far greater possibilities of aviation working with and working in with land and sea. Aviation is a fast forward; but to sweep the field you will want halves and backs.

Caution

THE only thing I did not like about the three big triple operations of Albania, Taranto and the Western Desert was the excessive zeal of the public commentators to crow. It would have been possible to give full recognition to the fine work of the soldiers, sailors and airmen who took part without boasting, but the moderate course was not adopted.

Under-statement is the crown of Cockneyism and the secret of its humour. The natural British comment was that they were *not half* a victory. I doubt if, in any of the conversations in pubs and clubs, they were once hailed as "tremendous" or even "great" successes. But the statement would have been common that the Italians were "not half getting it" from the Greeks or from our troops in the Western Desert, with probably a complicated cautionary addendum in the shape of "Cor, lummy! Not half they aren't."

If only our heavy commentators would, in their more grammatical manner, adopt the same form of under-statement, it would be better. For it is a source of strength. I would rather see the Air Ministry statements about

Air Force successes toned down, and I think most people in the Service will agree.

Reserve

THERE has been a tendency in the Air Ministry news service from the start to build up the stories. Rude people suggested we were justifying the definition of the three kinds of lies—lies, damn lies and official communiqués. The Admiralty has been better, making cold, factual comments which are more impressive than high-flown "write-ups."

I do not say that some of the Air Ministry stuff has not been good—Cor, lummy! Not half it hasn't!—but merely that it has been too exuberant. It has used 72-point headlines so lavishly that it now sometimes fails to obtain 10-point attention when it really has got something big to report.

Far better is the natural English manner of being over-cautious in claim and thereby producing that admirable feeling of reserve strength. I have even heard it argued, by one whose name is well known in the world of aeronautical technology, that we ought deliberately to belittle our own efforts and magnify those of the enemy in all public statements.

It sounds a fantastic theory; but there is something in it. Supposing the Coventry and Sheffield raids had been "written-up" in the manner the Air Ministry writes up our raids on German objectives: would harm or good have been done? Personally, I have



Pearl Freeman

Air Vice-Marshal's Son and Daughter

Cadet A. K. T. Harris and Miss Mariegold Patricia Harris are the son and daughter of Air Vice-Marshal A. T. Harris, the new Deputy Chief of Air Staff, who succeeded Air Marshal W. Sholto Douglas when the latter was appointed A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command. Miss Harris is serving in the F.A.N.Y.

such a high respect for the toughness of the workers that I believe that the effect might quite possibly have been to have stimulated them rather than to have depressed them.

Truth

WHEN in doubt, tell the truth," was one of Mark Twain's excellent cracks, and another was "Tell the truth, because then you don't have to remember anything." I think the cold, impartial truth, or as near it as can be achieved by a trained observer of men and affairs, would be the best of all propaganda.

That has been said many times, but we still sometimes dress up (we never actually falsify) our own stories—and tone down the enemy ones. Why not let the enemy have his pound of flesh-creeping? I do not believe it would worry us at all.

We can always see through to the facts, because we have sufficient sources of information. When there were those reiterated statements by a military spokesman in Paris that all was well, or that the situation was not serious, we most of us knew that all was not well and that the situation was desperately serious. Would it have done any harm to say so at the time?

Psycho-Problem

It is really a problem for the psychologists. They might be able to arrive at some well-based conclusion. And if, as I believe, they found that the people of this country prefer to hear facts, undecorated, of what is happening, then the Air Ministry would have to recast its methods and study the ways of under-statement.

Anyhow, it has lost one of its best speakers and publicists in Air Marshal Joubert, who had a big number of followers on the radio. But it is understandable that he has no time for broadcasting now. Indeed, as a broadcaster in a small way myself, I always wondered how it was that a serving officer should be able to find the time to speak so often and so well. Those talks take a lot of preparing, and the actual process of giving them digs deeply into the day's work.



Four Polish Airmen Decorated

Four pilots of the Polish Fighter Squadron have been decorated with the D.F.C. by Air Marshal W. Sholto Douglas at an aerodrome in the North. The Air Marshal, congratulating them, said the R.A.F. was proud of its Polish comrades, and wished them continued success, victory, and the future freedom of Poland. These pilots and their squadron have played an important part in the air defence of London.

With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 19



A Cuckoo in the Nest: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

This exciting and highly improbable scene is the result of an F.A.A. "Albacore" torpedo-carrying aircraft having come to roost in the funnel of a cruiser of the Galatea class instead of on the deck of its parent aircraft-carrier. Having broken its back, the aeroplane is the centre of a swarm of activity. Unfortunately for the crew, the cruiser's aircraft crane is temporarily unserviceable, and they have had, with commendable ingenuity, to rig up three sheer legs. Their troubles, however, are just beginning. One of the sheer legs has caught fire from the heat of the funnel. The aircraft's torpedo dangles ominously and is being cut down. Of course, it will explode when it falls. The Commander in charge of these nerve-racking operations balances himself on the arms of the semaphore

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Courage—Green

Maurice Vandeleur Courage, of the Malt House, Chipping Warden, Oxon, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Miles Courage, of Preston House, Basingstoke, and Ione Betty Green, of 4, Porchester Gate, W.2, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Green, were married at Chelsea Old Church



Willis—Tennant

Captain J. H. Willis, M.C., 12th Lancers, and the Hon. Mrs. Tennant (Hermione Baddeley) were married at Caxton Hall register office. Miss Baddeley's first husband, whom she divorced in 1937, was Lord Glenconner's brother. She appears to-day (January 1st) in a new revue, "Rise Above It," at the Q Theatre



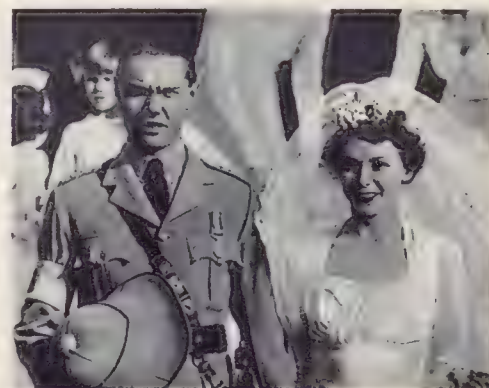
Ashby—Palmer

Sec. Lieut. Patrick John Ashby, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus W. Ashby, of Howe Green Moat, Great Hallingbury, Essex, and Mary Palmer, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Guy Palmer, of Turnours Hall, Chigwell, Essex, were married at St. Giles', Great Hallingbury



Bagnall—Rogers

Captain B. H. Bagnall, South Lancashire Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bagnall, of Farley Grange, Westerham, Kent, and Elizabeth Rogers, youngest daughter of the late Dr. F. E. Woodham Rogers, and Mrs. Rogers, were married at Westerham Parish Church. She is a member of the F.A.N.Y.



Bridgman—Badenoch

A big wedding at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi, was that of Captain F. H. G. Bridgman, I.P., A.D.C. to the Viceroy, and Miss Badenoch, only child of Mr. A. C. Badenoch, Auditor-General of India. The Viceroy and the Marchioness of Linlithgow went to the wedding and the reception.



Barton—Lumsden

Paymaster-Lieut. Arthur H. Barton, R.N., son of the Archbishop of Dublin, and Mrs. Barton, and Marjorie Lumsden, daughter of the Scottish artist, E. S. Lumsden, R.S.A., and Mrs. Lumsden, of 42, York Place, Edinburgh, were married at Holy Trinity, Dunfermline



Elizabeth Grant and Michael Callender

Elizabeth Grant, younger daughter of Major-General Sir Philip and Lady Grant, of the Long House, Hurstbourne Priors, Whitchurch, Hants., is engaged to Michael Callender, son of the late Leonard Callender, of Edinburgh, and Mrs. Callender, of 8, Palace Place Mansions, W.8



Stephanie Sharp

Stephanie Sharp, daughter of the Ven. A. F. Sharp, of St. Stephen's Church, N.W.3, has announced her engagement to David W. Harrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. G. Harrison, of 2, Hollycroft Avenue, N.W.3

**Cook — Gordon-Smith**

Pilot Officer Roger Cook, R.A.F., grandson of Mr. and Mrs. T. Cook, of Holland House, Bradwell, Norfolk, and Sheila Gordon-Smith, youngest daughter of Sir Allan and Lady Gordon-Smith, of Walhurst Manor, Cowfold, Sussex, were married at St. Peter's, Cowfold

**Archer-Shee — Stapleton-Bretherton**

Major John Pell Archer-Shee, 10th Royal Hussars, son of the late Col. Sir Martin Archer-Shee, of Ashurst Lodge, Ascot, Berks, and Henrietta Stapleton-Bretherton, of 4, Hans Street, S.W. 1, daughter of the late Major F. B. Stapleton-Bretherton, and Mrs. Stapleton-Bretherton, were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street

**Verschoyle-Campbell — Bain**

Sub.-Lieut. David S. M. Verschoyle-Campbell, R.N., and Merle Davos Bain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Davos Bain, of Compton Avenue, N.6, and Farmston, Callender, Perthshire, were married at Brompton Parish Church. He is the son of Major-General and Mrs. W. N. M. Verschoyle-Campbell, of Delhi

**Cheke — Verdon-Roe**

George Nicholas Cheke, son of the late Lieut.-Col. E. Cheke, R.F.A., and Avis Verdon-Roe, daughter of Sir Allott and Lady Verdon-Roe, of Hamble House, Hamble, Hampshire, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

**Trotter — Hay**

Major George Richard Trotter, Royal Scots Greys, and Maryoth Hay, daughter of Major Lord Edward Hay, of Hill Hall, Essex, and the late Lady Edward Hay, were married at St. Cuthbert's, Norham. He is the second son of Colonel and Lady Edith Trotter, of Charterhall, Berwickshire. In this group are Judith Ann Hall Wall, bridesmaid, Colonel Mackeson, Royal Scots Greys, best man, the bride and bridegroom, Rupert Bowlby, page, Susan Askew, bridesmaid

Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

A MAN called on a friend who was a member of the A.F.S., and found him standing on the hearthrug with his back to the fire.

They discussed the weather, Hitler, garden pests, etc., and presently a spark flew out and landed on the seat of the A.F.S. man's trousers. He took no notice.

"Your trousers are smouldering," said his friend.

"Yes, I know," replied the A.F.S. man, "but this is my day off!"

THE store detective was chatting to a friend on the ground floor of the store at which he worked. Suddenly he said:

"There! See that woman?"

"Well, what about her?" replied the friend.

"She's often in here, and we have to watch her. She suffers from kleptomaniac," said the detective.

"Goodness! Why doesn't she take something for it?"

"She will in a minute!" answered the detective, meaningly, as he moved towards the customer.

THE business executive looked blue. He walked around the office with an extremely worried face.

"What's wrong with you?" asked his associate. "Family trouble?"

The executive paced the luxurious room nervously.

"No," he replied, "it isn't that. It's something else—and I just can't explain it."

His associate lighted a big cigar.

"Stop talking nonsense, man," he advised. "Why, you're sitting on top of the world. For the past fifteen years, without fail, you've been drawing a million dollars a year, and—"

"Now you've hit it," interrupted the other. "That's just what's worrying me. A million dollars a year income for the past fifteen years."

He rubbed his weary forehead. "Don't you see how terrible it is?" he went on excitedly. "I'm in a rut!"

TWO farmers were practising with a rifle. The first farmer pointed to a cow some sixty yards away.

"See that fly on the cow's back," he said. "Wal, I'll bet I kin knock that fly clean off."

"Got to show me, Ezra!" cried the other farmer. "I'm from Missouri."

Ezra lifted the rifle, took careful aim, and fired. The other farmer started to tear his hair.

"You fool!" he screamed. "You didn't kill that fly—you killed my cow!"

Ezra put down the rifle.

"Wal," he drawled, "that was only my first shot!"

A DESTROYER had arrived at her depot after a tour of duty, and the commander, unable to leave for some hours, sent the quartermaster ashore with a telegram to be despatched to his family.

The wire read: "With you to-night. Lots of love. Ginger."

However, the quartermaster met a few friends, and visited a number of the hostelrys before remembering his mission. Being unable to find the draft of the telegram, he decided to write it from memory, and despatched it as follows:

"With you to-night. Lots of gin. Lovely!"

A TRAVELLER was wandering across the Rockies in search of a man to whom he had been given a letter of introduction. After a long and tedious journey he hailed a wild-looking fellow who was smoking outside a shack.

"Does Hard Pete live near here?" asked the traveller.

"No," said the man.

"Then can you tell me where I can find his friend and neighbour, Rough-house Joe?"

"I'm Rough-house Joe!"

"Well, they told me Hard Pete lived within gunshot of you."

"He did."

THE prisoner was charged with playing "banker" in the street. The magistrate looked at him and said: "If my memory isn't at fault, were you not before me on a similar charge in 1915?"

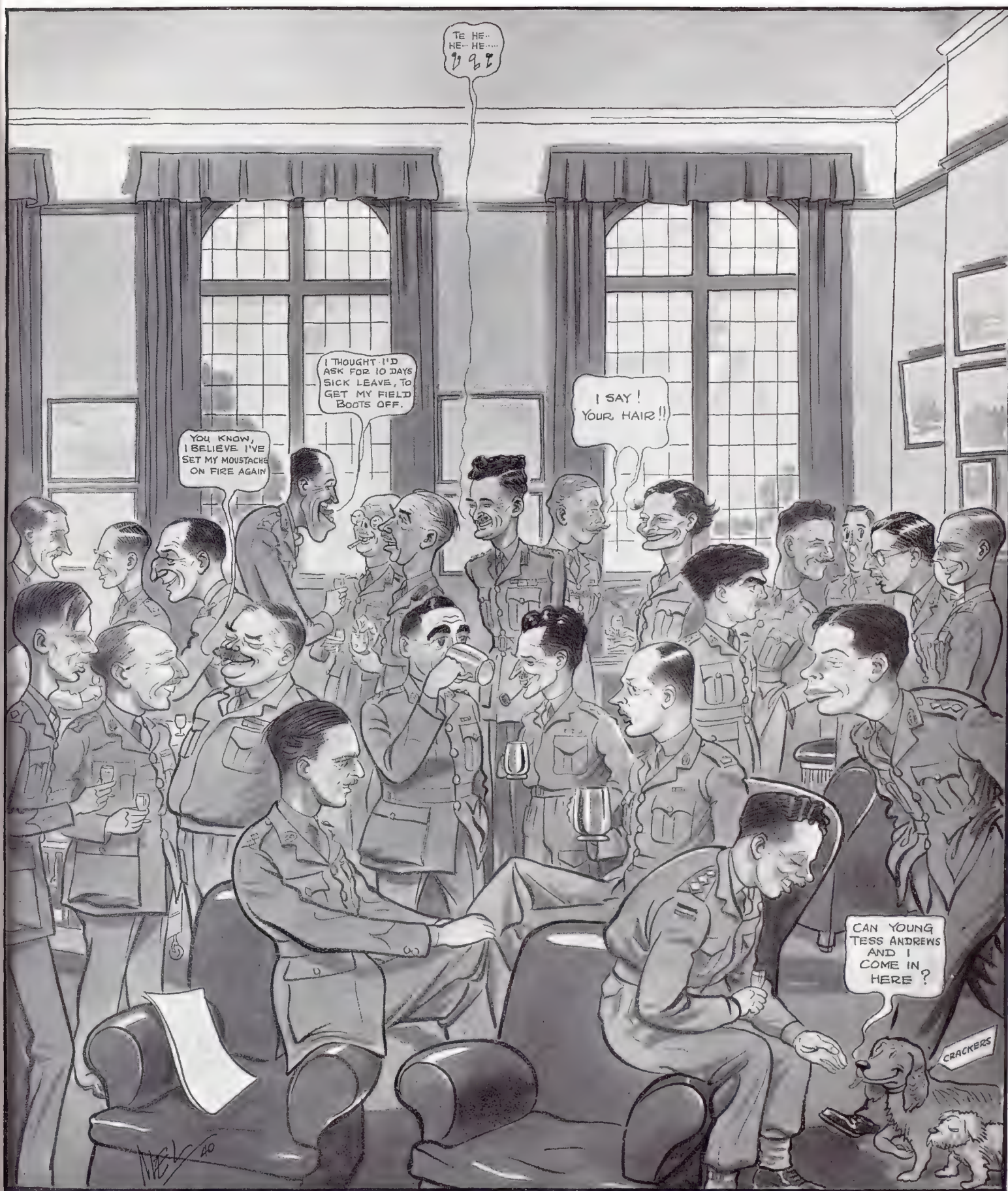
"No, sir," replied the man. "I was in the Army then."

"Ah, you were playing a much nobler game!" said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir. Crown and anchor!"



"Bomb?"



The Staff of the School of Signals: by "Mel"

Back Row: Capt. T. E. Dobson, Sec. Lt. Porter, Major T. W. Boileau, Major J. F. Longfield, Capt. J. B. Melhuish, M.B.E. (Adj.), Col. C. P. Prescott (Chief Instructor), Brigadier R. A. C. Henderson, M.C. (former Chief Instructor), Capt. the Hon. M. E. Dillon, Capt. S. Heathcote, Lt. Prynn, Sec. Lt. H. K. Bowden, Lt. T. Prior, Sec. Lt. P. Gathorne Hardy, Lt. Bowman Vaughan.
In Front: Sec. Lt. P. E. C. Andrews, Capt. S. Lambert, Lt. W. Grigg, D.C.M., M.M., Lt. M. Brennan (seated), Lt. F. Jennison, Lt. and Q/M E. P. Price, Major C. L. Ommoney (seated), Capt. N. J. Dickson (seated), and Capt. E. Mozley

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

Soft

By Leslie Halward: Illustrated by Mendoza

INSIDE the ring Bill Bullman was a killer. Outside it he was about the softest thing I've ever come across, man, woman or child. I'm not exaggerating. I handled Bill for five years and I reckon I knew as much about him as any man living.

Soft? That isn't the word for it! He'd mope for days if he read about an accident in a newspaper. I was once fool enough to let him go and see a Shirley Temple film, and he upset himself so much, crying, that he wasn't fit for a fight that should have taken place a week later. He'd only got to set eyes on a little old lady and he'd got a lump as big as an egg in his throat.

A fairy would have called him sloppy.

Outside the ring.

But inside it! Boy! It must have been a sort of reaction or whatever they call it. I don't know. I'm no psychologist. What I do know is that from the moment the timekeeper smacked his gong Bill Bullman was like a man possessed. You could sit back and watch the fur fly. Half his opponents were carried from the arena to the nearest hospital.

He was a killer. And I knew it the very first time I saw him in action, in a tenth-rate show down Hackney way. And I grabbed him there and then. "Here," I said to myself, "is a champ, if ever there was one. All he wants is handling right."

Well, I'd handled a few before I met Bill Bullman, and without boasting I can say I turned out some of the best. Bullman looked to me an absolute gift. He was a born fighter. Put him in a ring with a pair of gloves on his hands and he'd sail into anybody else he found there as naturally as a gigolo, hearing a rumba, would grab hold of the nearest girl and dance. The bigger they were the better Bill liked them. He told me once, "I'd sooner have a fight than a feed any day of the week."

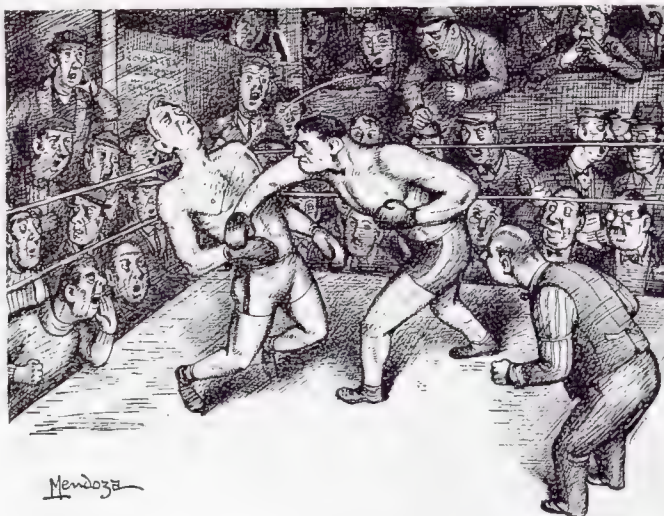
I became Bill's manager. He was only eighteen at the time, and I knew he'd got to be taken slowly. I've seen some of these eager kids pushed to the top in a year or so. Their managers make a pile out of them, and in another year the kids are out of the game, finished, washed up. It's a racket. I've seen too much of it not to know.

And I wasn't going to see this youngster washed up in a couple of years. Oh, no! Bill Bullman was too good to throw away like that. In two years, if things went according to plan, he'd be easing himself out of the second-rate class. In five years, perhaps, I'd be thinking of matching him up with a champ.

Well, to cut a long story short, five years later almost to the day, Bill was signed up to fight Tiger Milford for the middleweight championship of the world. What a time I'd had with him during those five years! Not as far as his fighting was concerned. I'd never had to worry about that. Under my care, doing exactly as I'd told him, he'd climbed steadily to the top, as directly and

solidly as a bricklayer's labourer mounts a ladder with a hodful of bricks. He'd never argued, never let me down. If a few of the other fellows I'd handled had been half as easy I should still have a few hairs on my head.

No, it wasn't his fighting that worried me. It was what I might call his complaint. Nursemaid? That isn't the word for it! Looking after a dozen babies would have been a Solomon of a job compared to what I had to do. Money went through his fingers quicker than water, for he was sorry for every-



He was knocked as cold as a shoulder of Canterbury lamb

body, and any dirty crook who could force a catch into his voice could wheedle a fiver out of him in a couple of shakes. The only people he never seemed to feel any pity for were the fellows he found up against him in the ring, and he seemed to hate them just for being alive. And I'd seen to it that he hated the Tiger more than all the rest of them put together. I'd got my shirt on the result.

Well, I lost my shirt, for Bullman lost the fight. I could see as soon as it started that something was wrong. Bill was boxing superbly and was nicely getting in front. But he wasn't by any means Bullman the killer. For some reason or other he was doing what he'd never done before in his life. He was holding up on the Tiger. I knew he couldn't afford to, and I kept urging him to get in. He didn't even bother to answer me.

And then, in the fourth round, he was knocked as cold as a shoulder of Canterbury lamb by as lovely a sock as ever I saw travel through a foot of space. A beautiful short right caught him square on the jaw with a crack like wood breaking. By the time the count was over, the Tiger had his dressing-gown on. It took three of us a quarter of an hour to get Bullman on his feet.

I waited till we were alone in the dressing-room, and then I let him have it. The language I used is unprintable. A Billingsgate porter would have considered the speech

an education. It lasted for a good ten minutes, and then I only stopped because I couldn't pump up any more breath.

Then Bill said, "I know all about it, Joe. I let him hit me. I let him win. I don't think any of the crowd would know I did it on purpose, though."

They wouldn't. He left himself open for only a fraction of a second. But it was enough. That opening was perfectly timed, as perfectly timed as the Tiger's jump in to take advantage of it. Even the Tiger wouldn't know that it was made deliberately, it was all so quickly done. But I knew. For five years I'd watched Bullman like a cat watching a mouse every time he'd boxed. And I knew he couldn't, just *couldn't* have made a mistake like that.

I'd got my breath back and I started calling him names again. He just kept sighing and there was the sort of look in his eye that you see in a sick calf's.

"Why," I begged him, nearly crying myself, "why did you do it, Bill?"

He sighed again and rolled his eyes like a love-struck schoolgirl.

"I've finished with the rotten game," he said. "Something happened tonight that made me see things different."

I groaned. I suppose I ought to have known that eventually this would happen.

"What," I asked, "was it?"

He produced an envelope.

"Read what's in that," he said, handing it to me. "It's a letter."

I opened the envelope and read the letter. I never read such sickening, maudlin stuff in all my life. Apparently it was written to the Tiger by his mother a day or so before the fight. She hoped her little boy wasn't going to get hurt. She was praying for him to win. And all the rest of it. It almost made me sick.

"Where'd you get this?" I asked Bill.

"You remember," he told me, "I happened to be standing by this door when the Tiger arrived. Well, as he turned into his dressing-room that letter fell out of his pocket. I went and picked it up."

I looked at him. Tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"When I think of all the other fellows I've beaten up," he said, with a sob in his voice. "When I think of all the other poor old mothers . . ."

I knew it was no use my saying anything else. After that night we went our separate ways, as the saying is. The last time I heard of Bill he was a porter or something at a children's home, as happy as a sandboy and picking up about fifty shillings a week.

That isn't quite the end of the story. A few days ago I happened to come across the Tiger's old manager, Sam Field. Like me, he's been out of the game for years. We fell to talking about old times. Mention was made of Bullman, of course, and I told Sam all about how he came to lose that fight with the Tiger and pack up the game for good.

Sam nodded. "D'you know," he asked, as serious as a judge, "how long it took me to compose that letter?"

"No," I said. "How long?"

"Four days," Sam said.

All at once the penny dropped. "You!" I yelled. "You wrote . . .! Why, you— you . . .!"

It always was a waste of breath to insult Sam. He sat there laughing until the tears were rolling down his cheeks.

Woollands Sale

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1

and continues
throughout the month

This Sale should prove of great interest—firstly, because the main proportion of the stock is still FREE of PURCHASE TAX; secondly, because many of the goods offered will be practically unobtainable in the near future. We cordially suggest that full use should be made of this excellent opportunity of buying Woollands quality merchandise as a wise and provident war economy measure.

If you have changed your address, please let us know. We should be pleased to send you our Sale Catalogue.

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SALE PRICE **18/9**

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S.S.2 (extreme left)

Useful **Casual Coat** in herringbone tweed, well tailored, and obtainable in several good colours. Hip sizes 38, 40, 42 and 44 in.

Sale Price **70/-**

S.S.3 (at left)

Smartly cut **Bouclet Coat** which can be worn with one's own furs or with a smart scarf. Lined crêpe. In brown, black or navy. Hip sizes 38, 40, 42 and 44 in.

Sale Price **£4.7.6**

S.S.3

S.S.2

S.S.1 (at right)

Fine **Woollen Dress** with pin tucked bodice and skirt tucked to give gored effect. In black, brown or green. Hip sizes 38, 40, 42 and 44 in.

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Stock Size Coats and
Gowns: Second Floor



24/2

Jacket-shape **Pyjama** for all the-year-round wear. In artificial twill spun, an ideal washing and wearing material. Jumper top can be worn open at neck if desired, and is girdled at waist. Rose, blue, pale nil green or gold. Sizes S.W. and W.

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Winter favourites are the house frocks at Harrods, Knightsbridge. Generally speaking, the skirts are full, while the sashes may be draped in a variety of ways to suit the wearer. All-wool tartan makes the model above. It buttons down the front and is arranged with clever pockets, which are useful as well as decorative. Rivals to this affair are the cheerful coloured house suits in checks and stripes. Tally-ho scarlet is a favourite shade



A very important feature of the Cyclax (58 South Molton Street) new Velvet Grape lipstick is the smooth base, imparting a natural finish. The colour is a soft deep red; as a matter of fact, it may be likened to the exquisite shades seen in a vineyard when the grapes are ripening. The service kit case also portrayed, although it contains everything necessary for the care of the skin is only 27s. 6d. It can be stowed away in the smallest space imaginable.

Velvet

Wool tartan and velveteen are cleverly united in the house coat on the left from Harrods. As will be seen, it has a "sliding" fastening, and is arranged with a waistcoat effect, a sash emphasising the waistline. Furthermore, it is pleasant to be able to state that the cost is merely six and a half guineas. This department is a veritable mecca for those in quest of comforts

Here is assembled an interesting collection of breakfast and sleeping jackets. Some are in two tones of marabou, others of brushed wool, and again there are those of quilted satin and other materials whose length of life seems well-nigh unending. There are dressing-gowns to match

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Manufacturers: C. STILLITZ

LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE

Way of the War

(Continued from page 3)

he has occupied he has sown the seeds of opposition from the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean, and from the Atlantic to the Black Sea. All of those people have to be held down—by troops and Gestapo. Now he adds Italy to the list, and perhaps France also. Switzerland may for the present remain immune. It is the sole remaining Bourse in Europe through which the Nazi leaders can conduct market operations for the expansion and greater security of their personal fortunes.

Colonel "Bill" Donovan

Two weeks ago I hazarded a guess and a suggestion on the sort of itinerary likely to be followed during his latest trip to Europe by Colonel William Donovan, special reporter for the American Government. It seems that the guess was not wide of the mark. Colonel Donovan comes primarily as representative of the Navy Department, for he is the close personal friend of Colonel Knox, the Navy Secretary. And the American sailors are profoundly interested in the Mediterranean. They have thought of it always as a theatre of operations in which they might participate should America be obliged to enter the war.

They are also profoundly interested in sinkings of Allied shipping in the North Atlantic, and the influence on this situation of the unhappy fact that the British Navy can no longer use bases in the south of Eire. It would not surprise me if Colonel Donovan is exhibiting a marked interest in anything any one may wish to tell him on this subject: and may have some ideas of his own to contribute to the discussions which may ensue.

He has already found that there are great advantages in maintaining the air of mystery which has surrounded his present trip. It results in lots of people asking to see him and raising many questions which it would be difficult for him to broach on his own initiative. I have the feeling that this visit, one way and another, may have very important results. That, apparently, is also the view of the Prime Minister, who has had long talks with Colonel Donovan in whom he reposes the most complete confidence. From this visitor no secrets are hid.



Bertram Park

In Time for the Battle

Air Marshal Arthur William Tedder arrived in Cairo in December just in time for the Battle of the Desert. He was appointed Deputy to the A.O.C. in C. Middle East, Air Chief Marshal Longmore, in place of Air Marshal Boyd, after the latter's forced landing and capture in Sicily while on his way to Egypt. Air Marshal Tedder, who is fifty, was Director-General of Research and Development, and before that had been A.O.C. in C. Far East, for two years.

"Lend me your hose!"

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's proposal to lend to Britain as many lengths of "fire hose" as she requires for extinguishing the flames which have engulfed Europe took away the breath by its very simplicity. Perhaps when the documents of the period are published we shall find that the idea originated elsewhere. Certainly it was being put forward in London a week or two previously by Mr. William Purvis, of the British Purchasing Commission, and probably formed a subject of the several talks which Lord Lothian managed to have with the President before his sudden death.

Mr. Purvis is going to emerge as one of the big successes of this war. He is a man who

knows how to act quickly when he sees the need. But for his prompt action in the days of deep pessimism which spread over the United States after the collapse of France, we should not have been getting anywhere near the quantities of vital material which have actually been delivered to us during the past half year. They would have been requisitioned by the Army and Navy Departments and months might have elapsed before release could have been obtained.

By eliminating the dollar sign from Anglo-American war relations Mr. Roosevelt has not only removed a practical difficulty that threatened to stem the flow of essential supplies. He has also eliminated one of the most dangerous influences for friction between the two countries after the war is over. Certainly the proposal was most warmly welcomed in London, although it may yet meet with difficulties in Congress, the indications are that it will go through. Correspondents coming back to London from visits home to America insist that public opinion is still ahead of the administration on the matter of participation in the war.

Who's Who

YOU will be able to read the life story of some 40,000 prominent people if you have the new *Who's Who for 1941* (Adam and Charles Black, 65/-). The volume contains some 3,000 pages and this year it has added over a thousand new biographies. All the official appointments and decorations awarded up to November last are included. It will be found one of the best and most comprehensive of reference books.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry in THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor, THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JANUARY

Name { Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____

Letter From America

(Continued from page 6)

music, beginning with Bach and ending (badly) with "Ave Maria." The "Nutcracker Suite" is a fascinating conception, the only one which really comes off.

This attempt to do something differently, to synchronise beauty with the beast, to fit each sound with its appropriate pattern, is interesting but it also insults our souls. Dorothy Thompson has attacked it violently. But wait till you see the flying horses before making up your minds about *Fantasia*; they more than earn the title.

Uncle Agate will tell you about the orchestra; most famous in the New World and conducted by Stokowski, né Stokes, erstwhile organist at St. James's, Piccadilly. Looking and listening were Lady Abingdon and in another party "Jimmy" Beck who plays the piano and knows Stokowski, whom you may remember was Garbo's last but one.

Evening Out

DIVING to a higher plane we found beauty at El Morocco in the persons of Lady Patricia Benden and Mrs. Robert Laycock—"Angie" Dudley-Ward. Others were Mr. Werner Saide-

Reute, late of London and Egypt; Mrs. Peznick and son and daughter, late of Grosvenor Square and Prague, via Rio de Janeiro (where they waited two months for visas); and, in flaming crepe, with her hair on top, Mrs. Fred Sigrist whose husband is doing good work in Washington. I gather she is going to be a beach-widow in Nassau this winter as he will be helping to expedite the production of armaments.

News of the "Queen Elizabeth"

THOSE who are looking forward to travelling on the "Queen Elizabeth" when she is through with her war service, will be interested to hear that the furniture from the restaurant and public rooms is "as good as new." Never having been used, it is at the Manhattan Storage, where carpets, rugs and mattresses, all labelled with their state-room numbers, have been stacked by Cunard-White Star workers who wisely left the ship's three grand pianos on their legs near the door, available for regular tuning.

While I was nosing round a consignment arrived from a certain "Mrs. Pierce" (the business name of a famous decorator) of hangings and various furnishings to be shipped to the Duchess of Windsor in Nassau.

Things to Come

THINGS we are looking forward to, aside from the end of the war, include *Old Acquaintance*, which those old favourites Peggy (Bitter Sweet) Wood and Jane (Road to Rome) Cowl will co-star.

Meanwhile the Allied Relief Ball at twelve dollars a ticket is going to be perfectly swarming (provided they keep expenses down) and December 13 Carnegie Hall was packed with Bundles for Britain by those who went to the Percy Grainger and Marjorie Lawrence from the Metropolitan Opera House. The Canadian Minister, Mr. Loring Christie, was back of the effort, supported by the South African Minister and by the Australian Minister. All admirals of the Empire.

Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson (shades of our own Mrs. Evans, the original Gibson girl) was their committee which was mainly composed of Americans, unlike the committee for the Tchaikovsky centenary Ballet Russe performance. This reads like a Russian *Almanac de Gotha*, with Mrs. Betty Shonnard as the sole exception. A regular visitor to London, she has always been rather White Russian by temperament—liking to sit up late. They will all sit up at this centenary fiesta—after *Aurora's Wedding*.

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This sums up in a few words the supreme part played by the Royal Navy in the present war and specially underlines the value and importance of the publication "BRITISH WARSHIPS" issued by "The Illustrated London News."

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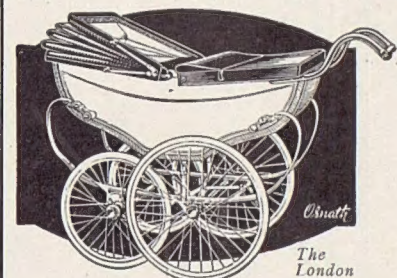
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